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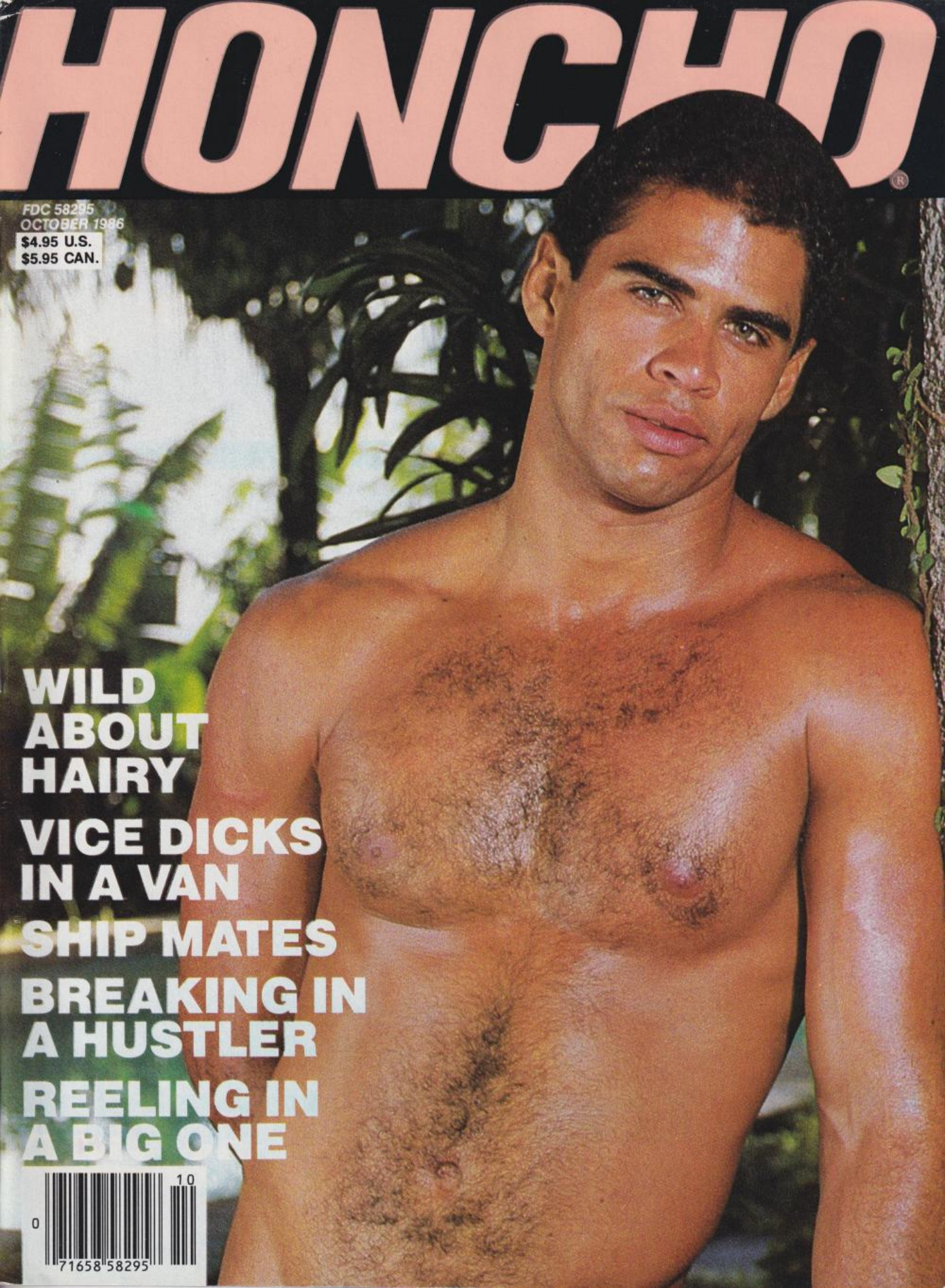

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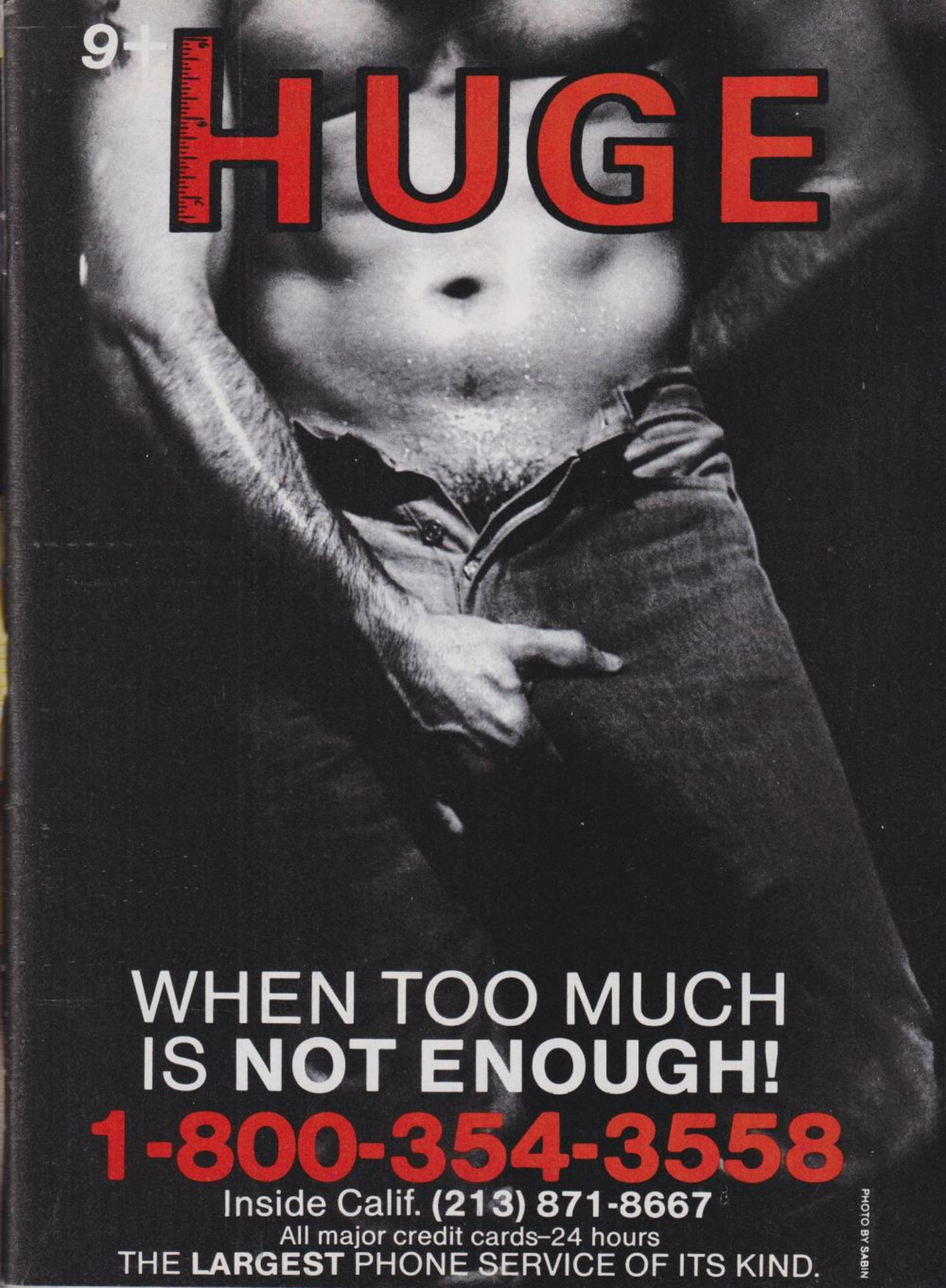
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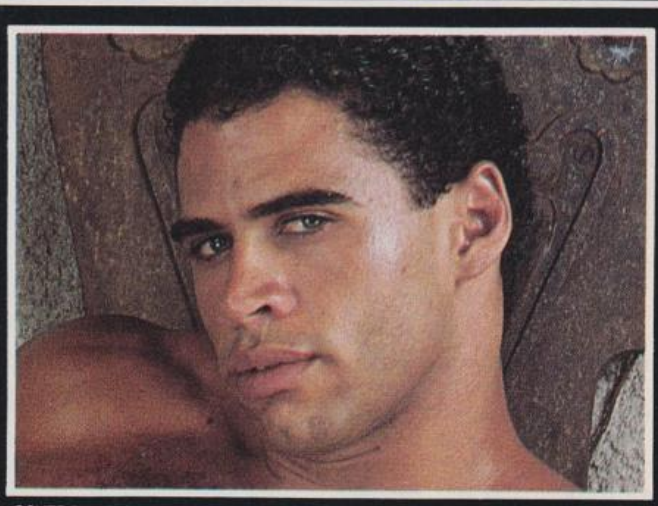

COVER BY: KRISTEN BJORN

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CHARTER MEMBER
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When I was called down to the jailhouse to repair the wounded leg of a mysterious inmate, I had no idea I would be meeting destiny. I could hardly do my work because I was distracted by the mute man's handsome genitals which hung inches from my face.

BY BUD O'DONNELL • ART BY WEST

It wasn't at all unusual when the Chief of Police called me at the hospital to see if I'd stop by the city jail on my way home to look at a leg injury on one of his jailees. I'd been doing that sort of thing ever since I set up my practice in my hometown, two years earlier. It was good public relations; and it had lined me up with a couple of really hot cops who enjoyed a good romp in bed with—if I do say so myself—an equally hot doctor.

I was supposed to be on vacation, but I had had an emergency appendectomy to perform, and my answering service provided my whereabouts to the Chief of Police, Phil, who happens to be my brother-in-law. I was still wearing the surgical pants and top when I arrived at the jail.

I knew most of the police department employees by name, and was greeted warmly by the two handsome cops at the front desk. They were quite a contrast. The unmarried dark-haired cop was totally straight. The blond hunk with the wedding band was one of the guys who loved hooking his knees over my shoulders and having nine inches of fat Irish cock pummeling his hairy ass.

When Phil came out of his office to meet me, the two cops at the desk asked me if I'd come to give their slave-driving boss a lobotomy. They were kidding, of course.

Phil is extremely popular with both his employees and the public. He is a calm, brilliant, compassionate, and very fair head cop. He is also handsome, blond, German, and hung like a bull elephant. I know; he was my jerk-off buddy when we were kids. But whereas Phil has "grown out of that phase," I have fallen deeper into it over the years.

As far as the family and the general public were concerned, I'm just a very busy, very dedicated young physician who, at 27, is still young enough to keep sowing his wild oats a while longer before "settling down." True enough. They just don't know that those wild oats are being sown in the throats and asses of hunky guys.

Had Phil known my true sexual preferences, he would never have exposed me to the temptation he led me to at the end of the cell block that day. The first couple of cubicles were occupied by the usual overnight drunks that Phil's men routinely hauled in off the streets to sleep it off. The rest were empty—except for the very last one.

Continued to page 12

West

THE CLUBHOUSE

BY E. WAYNE INGLE • PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

As I sped through the darkness, each mile of interstate brought me closer to my hometown. Traffic this Labor Day had been heavy but swift, with only a minimum of congestion along the way. I had made the three-hour drive so many times before that my car knew the way, which left me free for contemplation.

The note had come in the mail a week earlier. It said there was to be a "meeting at the clubhouse" this weekend. Scrawled at the bottom of the single page was the initial "D." Although I'd tossed the letter out, thinking it was a prank, I couldn't get it out of my mind. Who in the hell was D?

My exit loomed ahead, and within a few hundred yards the busy interstate dwindled under my wheels into a two-lane road. It was 11 o'clock when I pulled into my parents' driveway. I knew Dad would be in bed, but Mom was waiting at the kitchen table, reading a magazine and sipping coffee.

"How's my big-city boy?" she asked, hugging me tightly.

"Glad to be off the road. Got any more coffee?"

She poured me a cup and set a plate of fresh chocolate chip cookies in front of me. "Your dad's been working on the yard all week. Bought a new grill."

I smiled, thinking of Dad at the grill—a true pyromaniac at heart—building the perfect fire. He wouldn't let another soul help him barbecue. He never did.

"Bill and Judy will be here in the morning. Son, I want you to *try* and get along with your sister this time."

"Aw, Mom, it'll be okay. Sis and I have a very lively relationship." Judy is the ultimate cunt. But I love her anyway. And she knows it.

"You'll never believe who called last week, Greg."

I looked at her questioningly.

"Douglas Stern. You remember Doug. From down the street."

"Oh, yeah," I said through a mouthful of

I was going back home for a reunion and my mind wandered back to the place where it all began—the clubhouse. That was where the guys used to go to be alone. That's where we all learned to beat our meat. The ringleader was Doug. The big D. I smiled as I recalled why I had given him that nickname.

cookie. Yes, I remembered Doug. Big D. How could I ever forget? But I had, until that moment.

* * *

Lying in my old bedroom, I thought about Doug and the rest of the guys. There were four of us: Doug, Ronnie, Ralph, me. We did everything together, from bicycling to camping to chasing the neighborhood girls. "All Four One" was our motto. Ronnie and Ralph were my age; Doug was two years older. He'd failed a couple of grades, so we were in the same class most of those years. To us, there was no age difference.

We'd built a clubhouse in "the pines," the wooded acres behind Ronnie's house. A simple structure at first, it grew more elaborate over the years as we customized and expanded it. I had hand-lettered the sign that hung over the door: "ALL FOUR ONE."

It was in the clubhouse that we had taken refuge from the world, individually and collectively. It was there that important lessons had been learned, like how to smoke. Ralph stole a pack of Luckies from his father and the butts were carefully doled out, on "special occasions." That one pack lasted almost a year.

It was in the clubhouse that we discovered sex. Doug hung pinups of naked women all over the walls. He taught us the sacred rite of masturbation—"beating your meat," he called it. The joyous—and guilt-inducing—abandon of renegade sexual activity was more of a lure for me than the sterile pinups. We were shy with each other at first, but Doug, our leader, was a patient teacher. Beating our meat became our most popular club activity.

Once, when Ralph's and Ronnie's parents had taken them away on vacation, Doug and I held a club meeting of just the two of us. I watched with unabashed amazement and wonder as he stroked his magnificent tool. It was so much bigger than mine, and it was the first uncut cock I'd ever seen. Though at first I found the sight slightly repellent, eventually it began to have quite the opposite effect on me. The head would emerge shyly, slowly; then suddenly it would burst forth, like a budding flower in fast-motion.

At another of our private meetings, Doug talked me into beating his meat for him. I say he talked me into it, but I wasn't that hard to persuade. I'll never forget that first time curling my trembling fingers around another guy's dick. It was hot to the touch. My arm ached as I labored to bring him to orgasm, but watching him writhe beneath my ministrations opened up a whole new world of sensuality to me. Doug returned the favor, standing behind me with his still-turgid dick pressed against my ass. I came to love that feeling—his rod pressing between my ass cheeks as his hands stroked me to climax.

Big D. I sometimes called him that when it was just the two of us. But never when Ronnie and Ralph were around.

* * *

The weekend's familial activities went off without a hitch. Well . . . almost. The only time Judy and I argued was during a game of croquet, when I knocked her ball so far from the playing area that I couldn't even make out the curses she flung at me across the distance. Dad, wearing his "Kiss the Cook" apron, expertly seared the thick steaks on his new grill. Aunts, uncles, and cousins made brief appearances for chitchat and a bite to eat. Mom was happy, of course. She loves having her family together, and in something resembling harmony.

It was almost dusk when I excused myself to take a walk. Since childhood I've been able to take only so much family togetherness before having to take a breather. The evening was alive with sounds: crickets, a nighthawk, family gossip, laughter. I strolled down the road toward Ronnie's house. Toward the clubhouse.

Ronnie's folks had moved the summer after our graduation. As the house came into view, I spied a for-sale sign in the yard. The curtainless windows were dark and the lawn was badly in need of cutting. I wondered if the new owners had left the clubhouse intact.

I jumped easily over a gully that had seemed so wide as a child. My feet still knew the way, so I just followed them through the moonlit forest. There it was, looking so small beneath the towering pine trees. It leaned slightly to one side, but the structure was remarkably intact. My crude sign was still hanging over the door, the lettering almost illegible.

"I was hoping you'd make it."

For some reason, I wasn't startled by the voice coming from behind me. "Is that you, Doug?"

"The one and only." He stepped from behind a tree.

I stared at the trim figure striding toward me. He was shirtless; taut muscles stretched across his chest. On each forearm was a large tattoo. His dark hair was closely cropped and a tiny gold ring glittered in his left earlobe. A thick Fu Manchu moustache framed his mouth and extended below his chin.

"Where's Ronnie and Ralph?" I asked nervously, suddenly aware of the broad stretch of years separating me from my childhood friendship with this man.

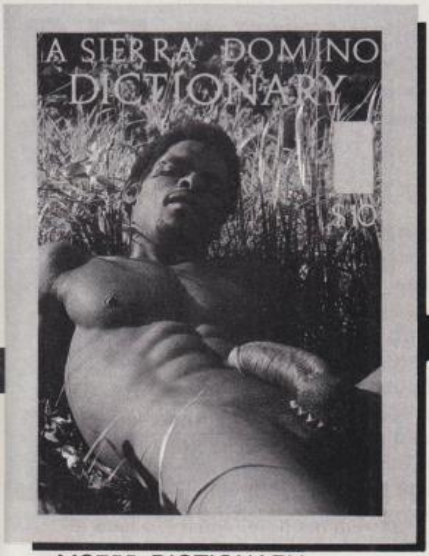
"Don't know." He smiled. "Maybe they're on vacation and we'll have to hold a two-man meeting."

Though his voice was darker and richer than it had been when we were boys, his smile was the same. I went to shake his hand, only to be crushed by a bear hug.

"Let's go inside and talk old times." He disappeared through the little doorway and soon a faint light beckoned me to follow. "C'mon, Greg."

The inside smelled of sweet, rotting wood. A single candle burned on a makeshift table in the center of the room.

AWESOME ABUNDANT AND BLACK



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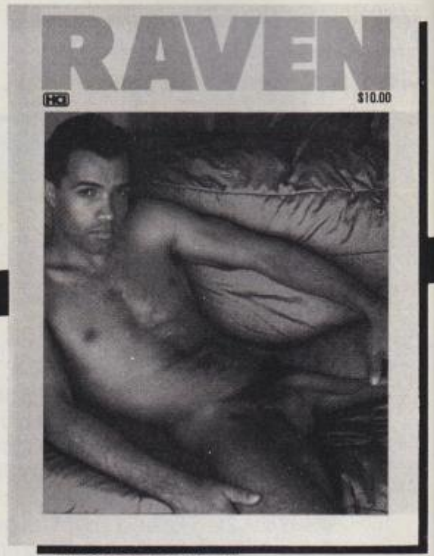

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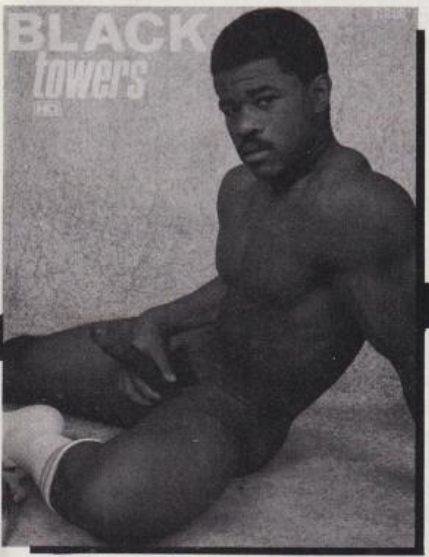

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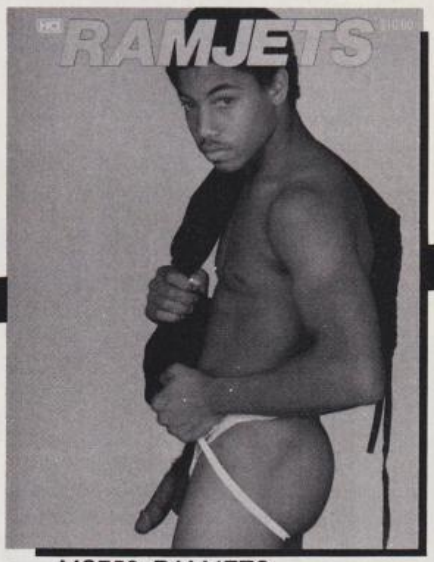

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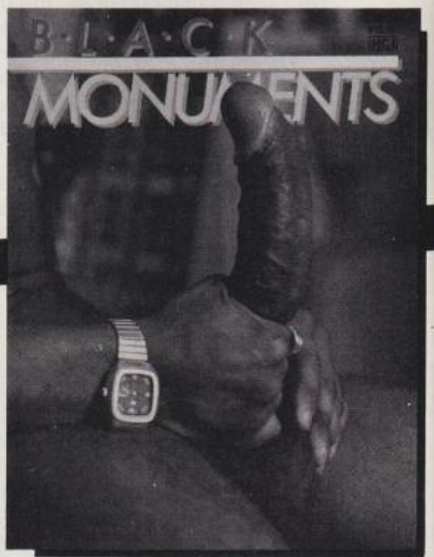

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In the far corner lay a rumpled sleeping bag.

"I've been crashing here the past couple days. I always did like being alone here."

We sat cross-legged on carpet scraps and talked of our childhood, and Doug filled me in on what had happened to people since then. Ronnie was married and living on the East Coast. Ralph had made a career of the Navy.

"What about you, Doug? What've you been up to?"

"Oh, a little of this, a little of that. When I got out of the Army, I wanted to see the country. Been travelin' ever since. Got a really nice bike. It's parked up in the woods. I work a while in some little town—construction, day laborer—and then move on."

I told Doug about my job as a consultant for a computer systems firm. He didn't disparage the radically different courses our lives had taken. He seemed genuinely interested in what I had done with myself. "You always were the smart one." But soon an awkward silence fell between us. We had run out of old times and updates.

Suddenly Doug blurted out, "You married or anything?"

"No. Guess I'm the bachelor type."

He winked. "Still beatin' your meat?"

"From time to time."

We broke into peals of laughter. Secretly I wondered if he was thinking what I was thinking.

"Been a while for me," he said matter of factly. Then, without taking his eyes off me, he unzipped his jeans. I held my breath as he pulled it out; it was the only thing from my childhood recollections that was definitely larger this time around. He grasped it at the base; it hung out of his fist a full six inches. Lying back and stretching out his legs, he slowly began to stroke it. My old nickname for him was even more appropriate now than 15 years ago.

The candlelight cast odd, flickering shadows across his sinewy frame. Only occasionally—tauntingly—was his cock illuminated. As my own erection swelled in my pants, I followed Doug's lead and unzipped. His eyes were closed now; mine were drilling into his crotch as we stroked in unison.

When he stopped and reached over to grasp my wrist, I knew exactly what to do. I scooted over beside him and took his dick in my hand. I held it for a moment, feeling his heartbeat, then began to work him over. I stroked rapidly, stopping intermittently to run my fingertips lightly along the length. This method, I knew, would intensify—and prolong—his pleasure.

My free hand traveled to his face and explored his luxuriant moustache. He took a couple of my fingers into his mouth and sucked them gently, raking his teeth across the tips as I increased the tempo of my stroking. My fingers withdrew from his mouth and wandered down his neck. He threw back his head; his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed; his breathing was rapid and sharp.

Presently, I stopped stroking him. I watched as his heaving chest slowed. He had broken into a light sweat, and his chest shone in the candlelight. Taking his manhood in both hands, I lowered my head to his crotch, until my lips grazed his cockhead. The sweet, funky smell of fresh sweat filled my nostrils. I rested my head on the inside of his thigh.

Doug's rough hands clasped my face and I felt a slight stirring in his groin. He pressed his hips upward. I ran my tongue slowly up the underside of his dick. I kissed the huge, spongy head.

"Suck it, Greg. Please."

I knew I couldn't possibly take it all. I put my mouth against the head and strained to open my jaws as wide as possible. It was like trying to swallow a doorknob. Working the thickly veined shaft with my fingers, I managed to encircle the head with my lips. I pushed the tip of my tongue into the gaping piss slit. Doug kneaded my shoulder; his fingers traced lightly the folds of my ears, the cords of my neck, the furrows straining across my brow. Finally my jaws relaxed.

Cupping his balls in one hand, I ground the heal of the other into his scrotum. He pushed against me as my finger strayed down to his tightly puckered asshole. He pushed harder; encouraged, I began to probe. Deeper, deeper, deeper. The pressure on his prostate drove him into a frenzy. Loud guttural cries ripped from his throat.

"Oh God, Greg, I'm coming!"

His asshole clamped down on my finger; the head of his dick swelled in the back of my throat. Thick streams of semen poured from the corners of my mouth and soaked into his pubic hair. I swallowed what I could, but Doug just kept pumping.

* * *

The candle was burning low. The dim, buttery light collected in puddles on the clubhouse floor. My head was still resting on Doug's thigh. We hadn't spoken a word.

"Stand up, Greg!"

I jumped at the sudden harshness of his command. When I turned to face him, I saw that there was no longer any warmth in his eyes. He grabbed my trousers roughly and yanked them down to my ankles. Then he spun me around and pressed his crotch against my bare ass. His dick was still sticky with cum and saliva, and it was hard again. He reached around behind me and fondled my chest, my stomach, my cock and balls. Despite the roughness of his voice and demeanor, he was gentle with his hands. But with each press of his hips, he came closer to entering me with his rock-hard monster cock. When he did, I felt as if I were being split apart. Supporting me with one strong arm and masturbating me with his other hand, he thrust inside me, deeper than anyone had ever gone before.

My legs grew weak, but Doug's arm held me up effortlessly. The tenderness of his grasp belied the violence of his fuck pace. He matched his thrusts with the rhythm of his hand stroking my cock. He sucked and bit at my neck and ears, his breath against my skin coming in short, hot bursts. I reached down between my legs and felt him gliding in and out of me, faster and faster. My own cock felt as though it would burst at any moment under the double assault.

When I knew I could hold back no longer, I squeezed my ass cheeks tightly together. "Come on, Doug! Fuck me! Fuck me-e-e-e-e!" My outcry extended into a long moan and I started shooting, my cum arcing high into the air and peppering the table in the center of the clubhouse. The candle sputtered out; we were enveloped in darkness.

Doug continued pounding away. His hands gripped my hips and he pulled me to him again and again, the smacking of our flesh echoing in the darkness. When he came, he lifted me off the floor in his strong arms. I was suspended in air, suspended in time. . .

* * *

My parents' house was dark, save for the kitchen window, which glowed like a beacon in the night. Inside, Mom poured me a cup of coffee. We sat in silence, savoring our thoughts. It was she who spoke first.

"I think the weekend went rather well, don't you, Greg?"

I nodded, mid-sip. She launched into a light-hearted reverie about families and home, the importance of getting everybody together from time to time, the need for reunion. I was only half-listening. Which was fine, since she was only thinking out loud.

Later, in bed, I lay very still, listening to the quiet. Remembering the distant past, and the recent past. There was so much to think about, to absorb, from my homecoming.

Very faintly I heard a sound in the stillness. Somewhere in the night a motorcycle roared to life. ■

JAIL HOUSE PICKUP

Continued from page 4

I'm sure my mouth dropped open when I looked through the bars into that dimly lit cell. There stood a man whom I would describe as nothing short of absolutely gorgeous, and he was naked as the day he was born. His face and body looked as if they had been chiseled from flesh-colored marble. He was a tall man, at least equalling my own six-foot-two-inch frame, and as my eyes roamed down that hairy, muscular chest and belly to the genital area, my mouth began to fill with drool. Hanging out over a pair of lemon-size balls was a perfectly shaped cock that was a good seven inches long and at least one and a half inches across—and that was flaccid. Which was more than I could say for my own.

Phil was explaining how he'd come across the guy on his way into work that evening. He'd caught a glimpse of something in the woods as he was driving down Old River Road. When he stopped the car and flashed the spotlight into the trees, he discovered a naked man trying to hide behind a bush. The instant the light hit him, he began to run, but before Phil could even shout for him to stop, the man tripped over a log and fell. The man offered no resistance. Phil put handcuffs on him and led him, limping, to the car.

Somehow, I managed to lower my eyes from that huge cock and for the first time saw the blood-soaked amateurish bandage covering a wound on the man's thigh. I asked Phil to open the cell door and to get me a wash basin and some clean towels. Before he left, he told me that he thought maybe the man was a deaf mute; he had not spoken a single word since he had been picked up.

When the door swung open, the man—obviously deep in thought—looked quickly in my direction with the most pathetic expression I've ever seen on a man's face. Thinking he might be able to read lips, I spoke slowly and distinctly. Using a bit of sign language as well, I managed to get him to sit down on the edge of the bunk. When I opened my medical bag, he started to get up again. He looked very scared. I gently pushed down on his bare thighs and then opened the bag and pulled out boxes of bandages, tape, and other paraphernalia. I pointed to the wound on his leg. He showed no understanding, but he did remain seated.

Phil came back with basin, towels, and a small padded stool. I walked over and filled the basin with very warm water from the cell sink, then sat down and placed the man's foot in the basin. I unwrapped and wet a disposable sponge and pressed it against his bandage to loosen the dried blood. It was a nasty, deep cut and would require sutures. After toweling dry his leg and foot, I placed his foot on the stool between my legs and applied a local anesthetic to the area I would be stitching. I talked gently to him, looking into his face as often as I could. He made no effort to move, but whenever I leaned forward, the bottom of his foot would press squarely against my cock, which fortunately was pointed downwards in my underwear. While waiting for the anesthetic to take effect, I could feel my cock getting harder and harder against the ball of his foot. I didn't see how he could help but feel it, but if he did, he didn't move his foot one way or the other.

The man's eyes widened as I put on the rubber gloves and removed the suturing needle from the sterilized package. I carefully explained—in words and sign language—what I was about to do. It was one of my greatest challenges. Not because the procedure was difficult, but because his gorgeous cock and balls were directly in my line of vision and I would have given just about anything if I could have leaned forward at that moment and stuffed those goodies into my mouth.

As I stitched, Phil rambled on about not really knowing what to do with the man. He had no clothes for him, and because of the man's verbal handicap, he didn't really want to book him, not until he was able to find out who the man was. Knowing Phil, I got the hint: he wanted me, somehow, to get him off the hook. And boy, did I have the answer! But I had to mull it over carefully so I wouldn't sound too fucking eager.

"Well, let's see. . . hmm. . . My street clothes are in the car. They just might fit this guy." I reached into the medical bag and handed Phil my keys. He sent one of his men out to my car. "And since I'm on vacation, I could take him to the island house. I'll be out there working with the interior designers for the rest of the week. Maybe in a few days you'll be able to find out who the guy is."

"Doc, you're a lifesaver," Phil said, slapping me soundly on the back. When the cop brought in my slacks and shirt, I helped the guy into them. They fit perfectly. But oh, how I hated to see him cover up that body. Of course I couldn't very well take him home buck-assed naked, even though my getaway house was located on a small private island. We had to get there first.

The island, complete with an electrically operated drawbridge and a magnificent seven-bedroom house, was left to me by my grandparents. The house and bridge were designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, and they are masterpieces. But other than my adored grandmother, I am the only family member who has ever really liked the house. The others like their windows covered with heavy shades and draperies. The windows of the island house have nothing covering them. The place was designed to let in the light and the outside view, with roof overhangs to protect the interior from the scorching sun. The design is as up-to-date in 1986 as it was when it was built, in 1926.

But after 60 years, the original furniture does need replacing. So far, I've finished the library, the living room, the kitchen, and the master bedroom. There are still ten rooms to complete; hence, the decorators.

I don't think Phil ever thought about the fact that there was only one bed in the house. The library had a comfortable leather sectional, but it would not sleep anyone taller than five-nine.

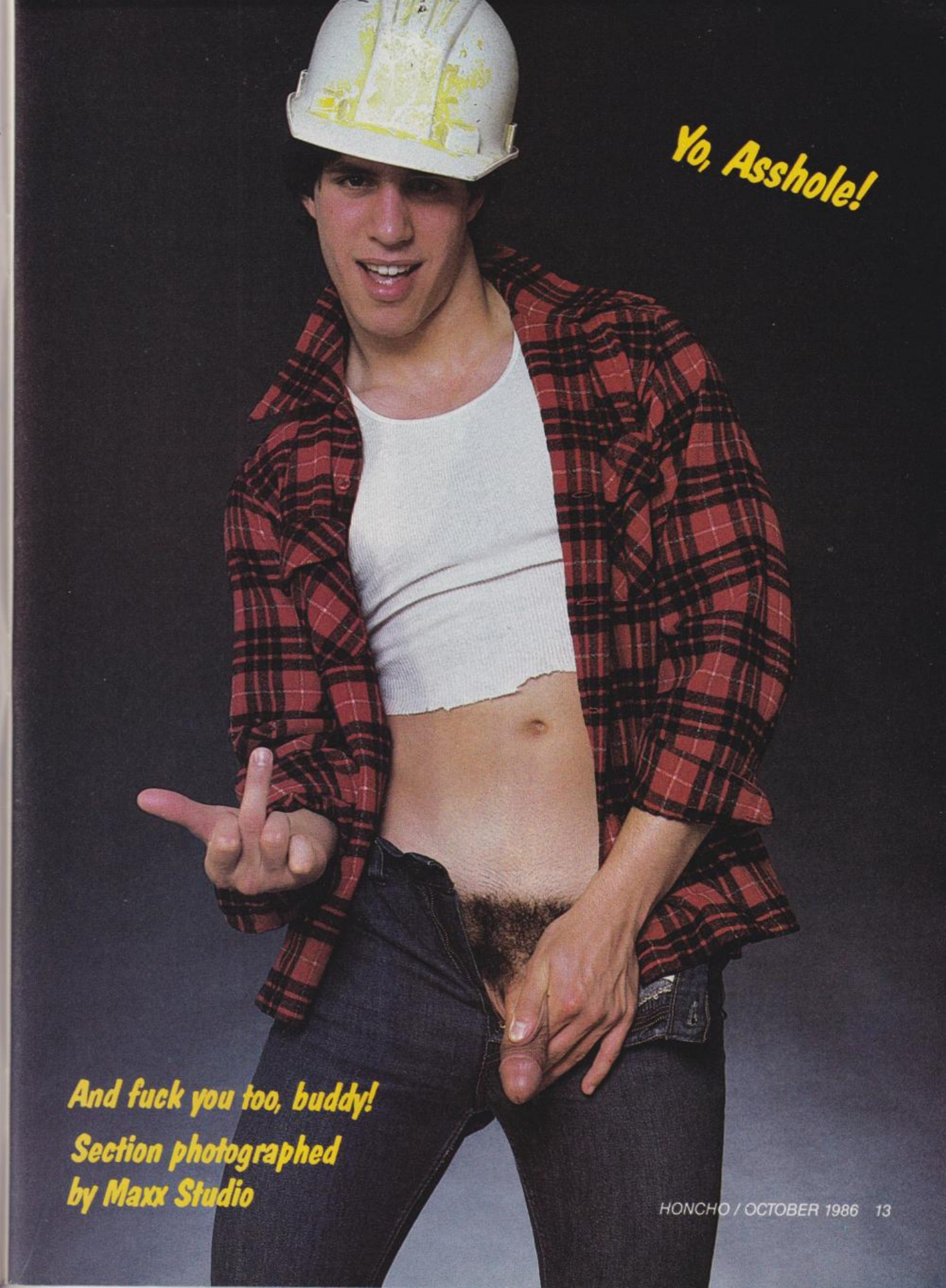
As we left the cell, the man was limping quite a bit, so I put my arm around his waist to help. He offered no resistance. Phil took fingerprints and front and side-view photographs. The man seemed especially frightened of having his picture taken. Phil told me that he wasn't going to set up a formal file, but hoped the pictures and prints would help him find out where the man came from. "And just in case you wake up in the morning with your throat cut, we'll have something to go on."

"Thanks a lot, old buddy."

Phil had labeled the man John Doe, but as soon as he climbed into my two-seater sports car, I began calling him Stud—in my mind anyway. As we pulled out of the parking lot, Stud took a deep breath, exhaled, and leaned back against the soft leather bucket seat. It was the most relaxed I had

Continued to page 21

I felt something warm against my cockhead. It was his breath. He pushed forward slowly and didn't stop until his nose was buried in my ballbag. He had swallowed all nine inches on his first try. He may not have been an experienced kisser, but he sure as hell knew how to suck cock.


Yo, Asshole!
And fuck you too, buddy!
Section photographed
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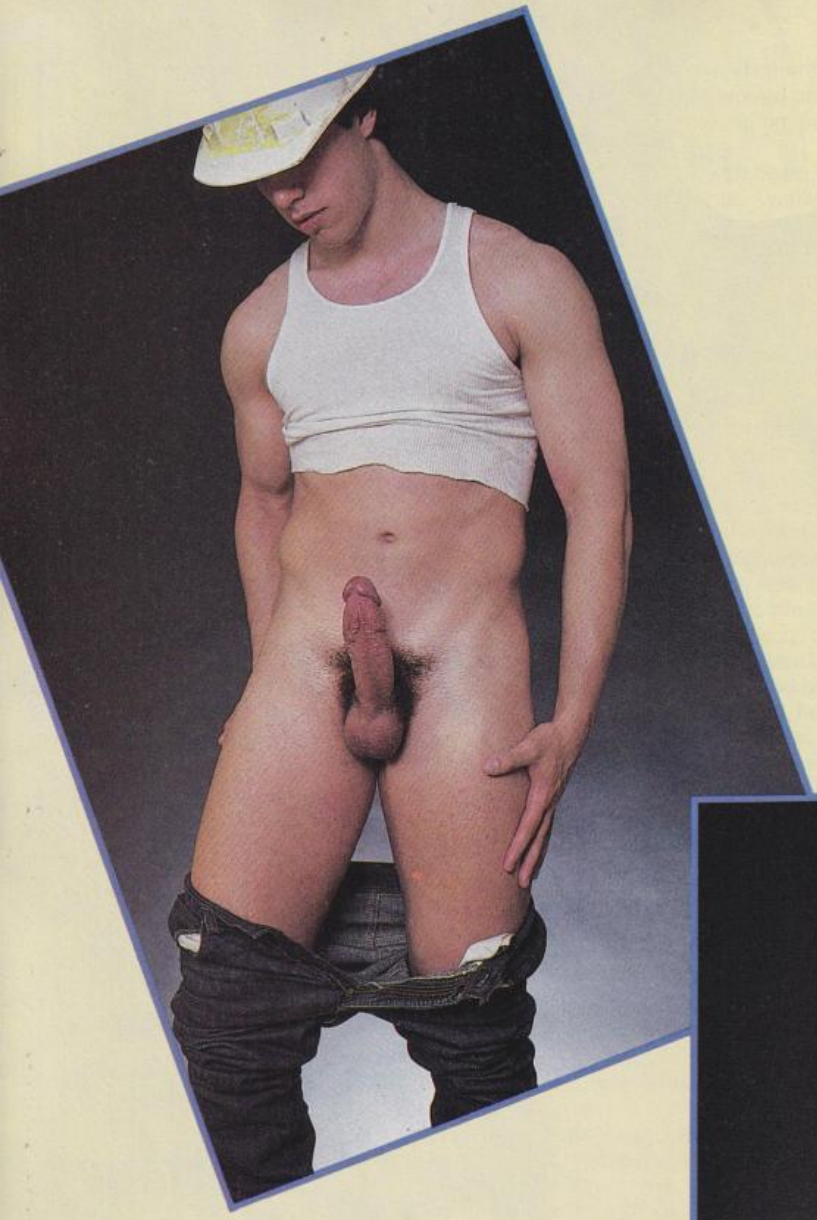
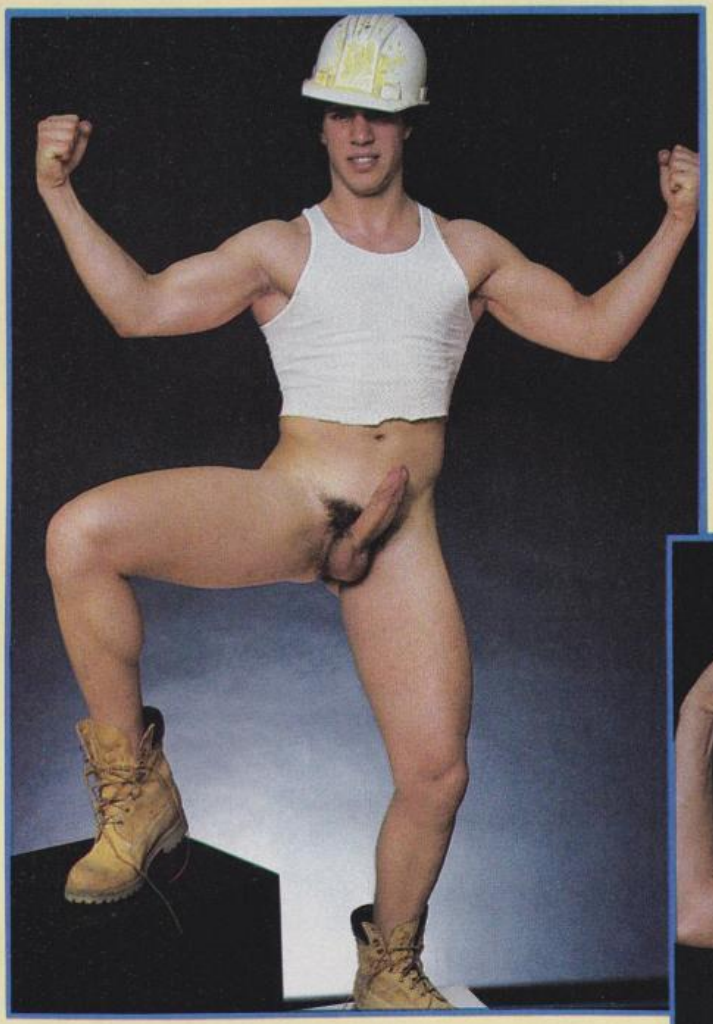


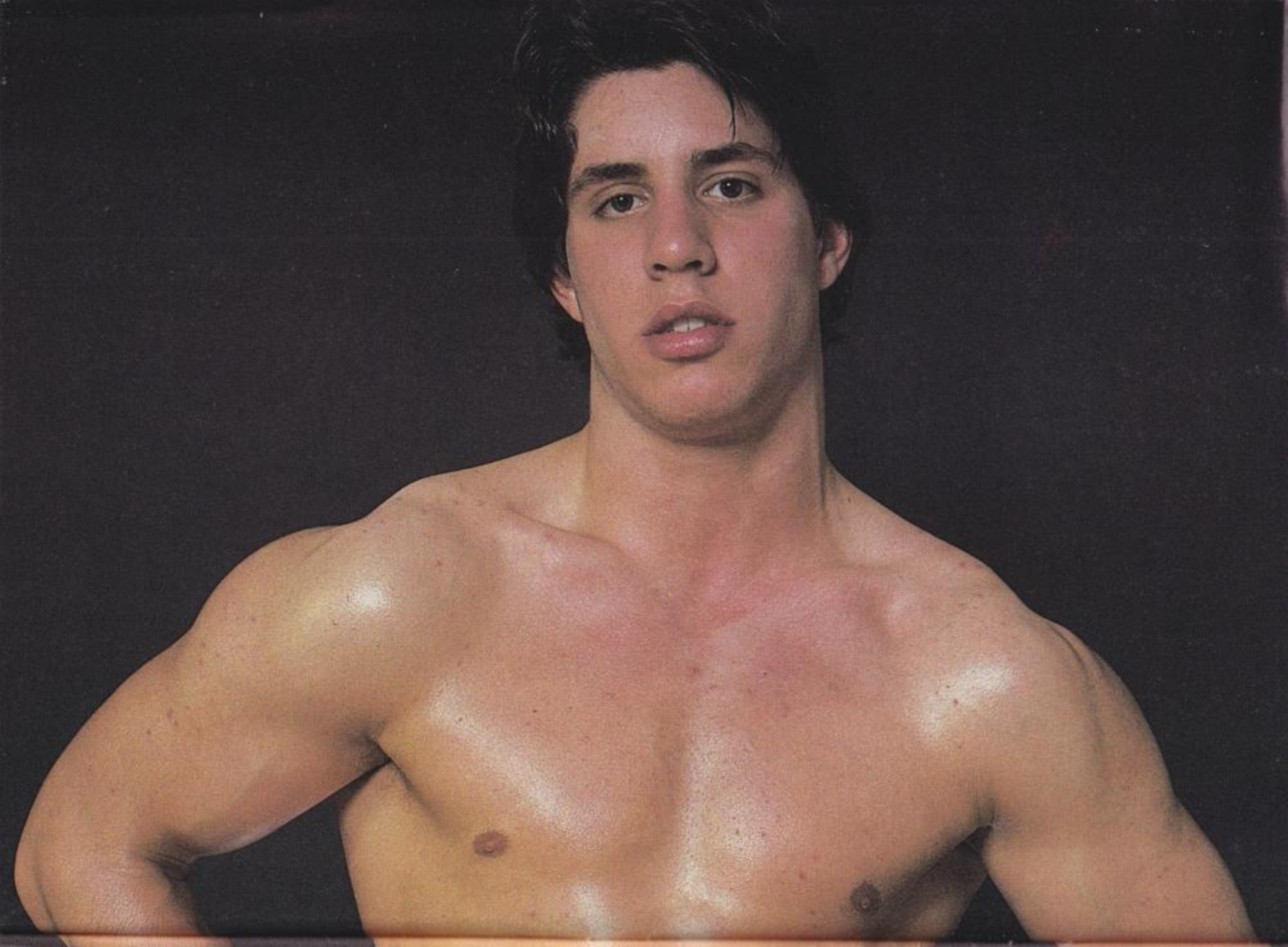
Bet you'd like some hot meat up your construction worker butt.

Yo, Asshole!

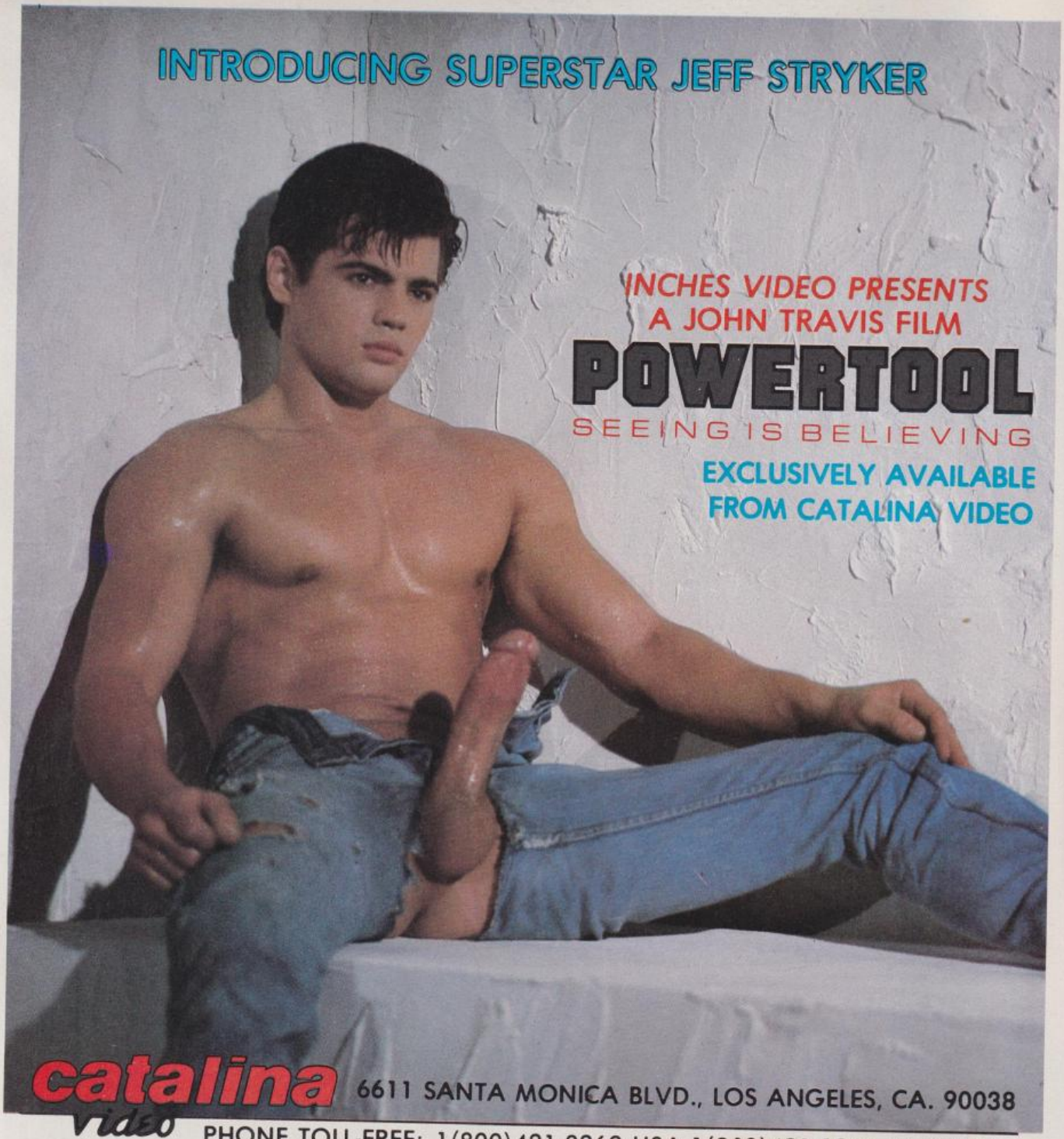
Yo, Asshole!



Yeah, bet you dig guys' big juicy dicks fillin' your smartass mouth.



Yo, Asshole!
That's right, wipe that fuckin' smirk off your face and get chewin' on my root.



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JAIL HOUSE PICKUP

Continued from page 12

seen him. He responded to my chatter by eyeing me with an expression that seemed to contain more curiosity than fear.

I turned onto the roadway leading to the drawbridge. Stud leaned forward to watch the flashing red lights and the section of roadway lifting to form a barrier—a safety device that prevented cars from plunging into the water. I stopped the car and punched in a digital code on the remote panel hooked to my visor; the bridge swung back into the closed position. When it was in place, the wall tilted forward until, once again, it formed a section of the roadway. Stud was entranced by the whole procedure. As I drove up the winding road, the headlights flashed across the front of the house, located on the island's highest point. Stud leaned forward to take it all in. I pulled around to the side, where the five-bay garage was concealed by walls and landscaping, and drove inside.

I talked to Stud as though he understood every word I said. When I asked if he was hungry and he remained silent, I assumed his answer was yes. I took steaks from the freezer, put some potatoes in the microwave, and chopped and tossed a salad. Apparently, he had not eaten for some time: before he was finished, he'd downed three steaks, the salad, two baked potatoes, and a whole loaf of French bread. Between "courses" he would look at me and I'd smile. I think he wanted to smile back but was afraid to for some reason. But his eyes sparkled with gratitude. I popped the dishes in the washer and he followed me into the bedroom. He didn't seem the least bit disturbed that my king-size bed was the only one in the room. I walked into the bathroom to piss, and Stud was right behind me. After a little experimentation with the shower faucets, he stripped naked, climbed in, and lathered himself up. I got a big bath towel and a dry bandage for his wound. When he had dried, I redressed his leg. My cock got hard as a rock as I knelt on the floor, his prick just inches from my nose.

Back in the bedroom, I activated the TV, demonstrated the use of the remote control, and handed it to him. Then, after pulling back the coverlet, I returned to the bathroom and showered. When I came out, the television was blaring, all the lights were on, and Stud was zonked out in a deep sleep. I shut the lights off from the headboard panel, leaving just the shadow light around the ceiling glowing. This allowed me to watch him as he slept. The sheet was pulled up just past his groin and I could see his hairy chest and muscular belly steadily rising and falling. I wanted to lift that sheet and bury my face in his crotch, but instead I just lay there watching, with a gigantic hard-on.

I glanced out the bedroom windows. In the gigantic lake below, two ships were approaching each other from opposite directions. The blaring of their horns is a familiar sound, which I seldom notice anymore. Even the foghorn, heard occasionally from the lighthouse that juts up from the end of the shoreline pier, no longer wakes me. But when the two ships fired off their air horns as they passed, Stud bolted upright. His whole body began to shake, and the look of total panic on his face was gut-wrenching. Wrapping his muscular arms tightly around me, he buried his face in my shoulder and wept like a terrified child. I had him where I wanted him, but the circumstances were all wrong. I held him close, whispered reassurances, and gently stroked his hair.

As I held him, I lay back on the pillow, pulling his body with me. I talked to him tenderly, and even ventured to kiss the side of his face. He was not repulsed by my actions. I grew bolder. I rolled against him so that we were chest to chest, belly to belly, cock to cock. He pulled me tighter to him

Continued to page 36

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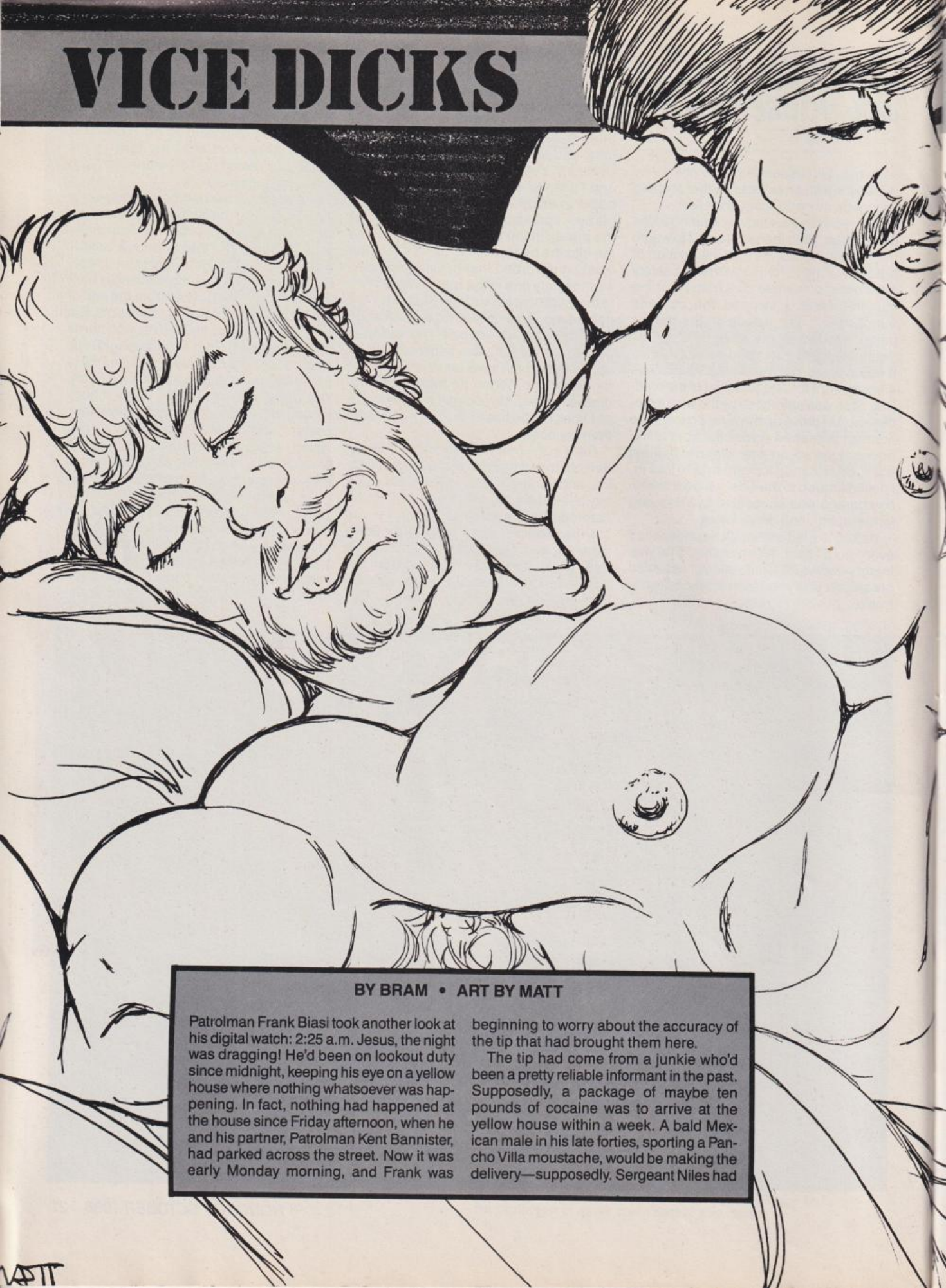


BY BRAM • ART BY MATT

Patrolman Frank Biasi took another look at his digital watch: 2:25 a.m. Jesus, the night was dragging! He'd been on lookout duty since midnight, keeping his eye on a yellow house where nothing whatsoever was happening. In fact, nothing had happened at the house since Friday afternoon, when he and his partner, Patrolman Kent Bannister, had parked across the street. Now it was early Monday morning, and Frank was beginning to worry about the accuracy of the tip that had brought them here.

The tip had come from a junkie who'd been a pretty reliable informant in the past. Supposedly, a package of maybe ten pounds of cocaine was to arrive at the yellow house within a week. A bald Mexican male in his late forties, sporting a Pancho Villa moustache, would be making the delivery—supposedly. Sergeant Niles had

IN A VAN.

Frank and Kent were undercover vice cops. For days, they had been cooped up togther in a camper to spy on a house in order to get evidence to bust a dope ring. In the meantime, they had started having sex together. Frank was appalled by how quickly he seemed to have turned queer. Christ, he'd even enjoyed cocksucking!

received the tip. And after quickly getting the captain's approval, the sergeant had rented the camper from which Frank and Kent were now keeping watch. Niles had instructed them to stay in the camper until he told them they could leave and to hold the noise down. They had enough supplies to carry them through the week.

The camper was a heap of banged-up aluminum mounted on the chassis of an old Dodge pickup truck; that was the best Vice could do with its lousy budget. It made a good cover and it was livable, but it had one major problem: The only window the two patrolmen could use for surveillance was at the head of the bed, over the cab of the truck. The only other window was over the table in the middle of the camper, on the wrong side. Niles was adamant that the camper had to be parked on the side of the street opposite the yellow house, preferably one or two doors down. Following his instructions meant that the only window facing the yellow house was the one over the bed.

Which was okay during the day. The guy on watch could stretch out on the bed while his partner occupied the bench by the table. At night, however, both men had to lie in the cramped bunk—one observing, the other sleeping. Frank had tried sleeping on the bench, but it was too short and too narrow. And there was nowhere else in the camper to stretch out. Except the bed.

To make matters worse, Saturday had brought one of the city's rare heat waves. By midday Sunday, the temperature in the camper had climbed past the 100-degree mark. Both officers had stripped to their shorts.

Frank glanced at his partner snoring lightly beside him. He and Kent had worked together a couple times in the six months they'd been assigned to Vice, but they hadn't really gotten to know each other. Before the assignment began, both had been a little wary of the close confinement, but as it turned out, they'd hit it off right from the start. Kent was gregarious and a hell of a storyteller. Frank was more introverted, but he made a great audience.

As Frank gazed more closely at his rugged partner, he was a bit shocked to see an erection jutting out of Kent's blue boxer shorts. Frank, too, had begun to suffer bouts of horniness. He wasn't used to three nights without sex. At 24 and not exactly ugly, he had never lacked for female companionship. There were a couple women he saw regularly, plus he had a few pickup bars he liked to hit on slow nights. His six-foot, basketball-player's frame, shaggy brown hair, soulful brown eyes, and full brown moustache got him all the attention he could handle from the opposite sex. As he lay there with his eyes on the quiet yellow house, he began to replay Thursday night in bed with Janice. His cock reacted by filling out and digging into the thin mattress beneath him.

He heard Kent stir, and he glanced at his partner once again. Kent must be used to getting it regular, too, he thought. Kent was 27, a blue-eyed blond with neck-length hair, a moustache, and a trim beard. He was married to a real beauty, a former stewardess. At five-feet-ten and about 185, Kent was built like a halfback—which he had been, in high school. He was in great shape, Frank couldn't help noticing; Kent had told him he worked out in the Department gym.

When Kent stopped stirring, his right leg was pressed against Frank's. Frank was astonished by the jolt the contact gave to his own erection.

Frank was straight, absolutely straight—which made him fairly unique among the single men living in the city. He hadn't done anything with another male since those jerk-off sessions in Joey Aiello's basement when he was 13—and since Sandy Eldridge let him go all the way with her that first night he helped her babysit. What he was feeling now could only be the desperation of a body cut off from sex for three days and nights. Any port in a storm, as they said.

Meanwhile, Kent's leg seemed to be rubbing against Frank's, and Frank was getting hotter and hotter. He couldn't move; he was right on the edge of the bed as it was. Feeling trapped, he shifted onto his left side, hoping to break the contact. As Frank turned, Kent, still snoring, moved again—into the space Frank's body had just vacated. Now Frank was leaning over Kent to avoid falling off the bed. Worse, Frank's throbbing erection was piercing Kent's thigh. Frank was terrified that his partner would wake up and find him in that condition.

Kent shifted again. He turned his head toward the wall and moved his right arm, which had been resting on his chest, to his side, imprisoning Frank's cock between his wrist and his thigh. Kent snored on, but his wrist was rubbing Frank's increasingly sensitive cock against his thigh. Frank was on the verge of coming all over his now tent-like jockey shorts and Kent's side. Near panic, Frank decided to try to shove Kent's body toward the wall, by using his left elbow as the fulcrum and his own body as the lever. However, from his awkward position, as he nudged Kent he lost his balance and toppled right on top of him. Immediately, Kent's arms and legs went around him; he held Frank tightly; his hands began kneading Frank's back and ass. Now Frank was really shocked. "Hey!" he burst out, but just as he did, he felt Kent's lips against his own.

Kent inserted his tongue into Frank's mouth. Frank resisted. Then he stopped resisting. The whole thing was beginning to feel . . .wonderful.

He caressed Kent's tongue with his own. He twisted and writhed against Kent's chunky body. He rubbed his cock up and down Kent's groin. He explored Kent's muscled back with his hands and squeezed his tight ass. He began to lose himself in wave after wave of pure lust.

Before he knew it, his cock was erupting. He came more powerfully than he could remember ever coming before, into and through his jockey shorts. As his load spilled out of him, he continued pistoning his body against Kent's. Within seconds, he felt Kent arch back and shudder. Kent's huge prick throbbed against his stomach, and something wet spread across his abdomen. Then Kent slumped into the mattress.

Frank lay there, utterly spent, on top of him. Through a haze, he sensed Kent kissing him lightly on the shoulder.

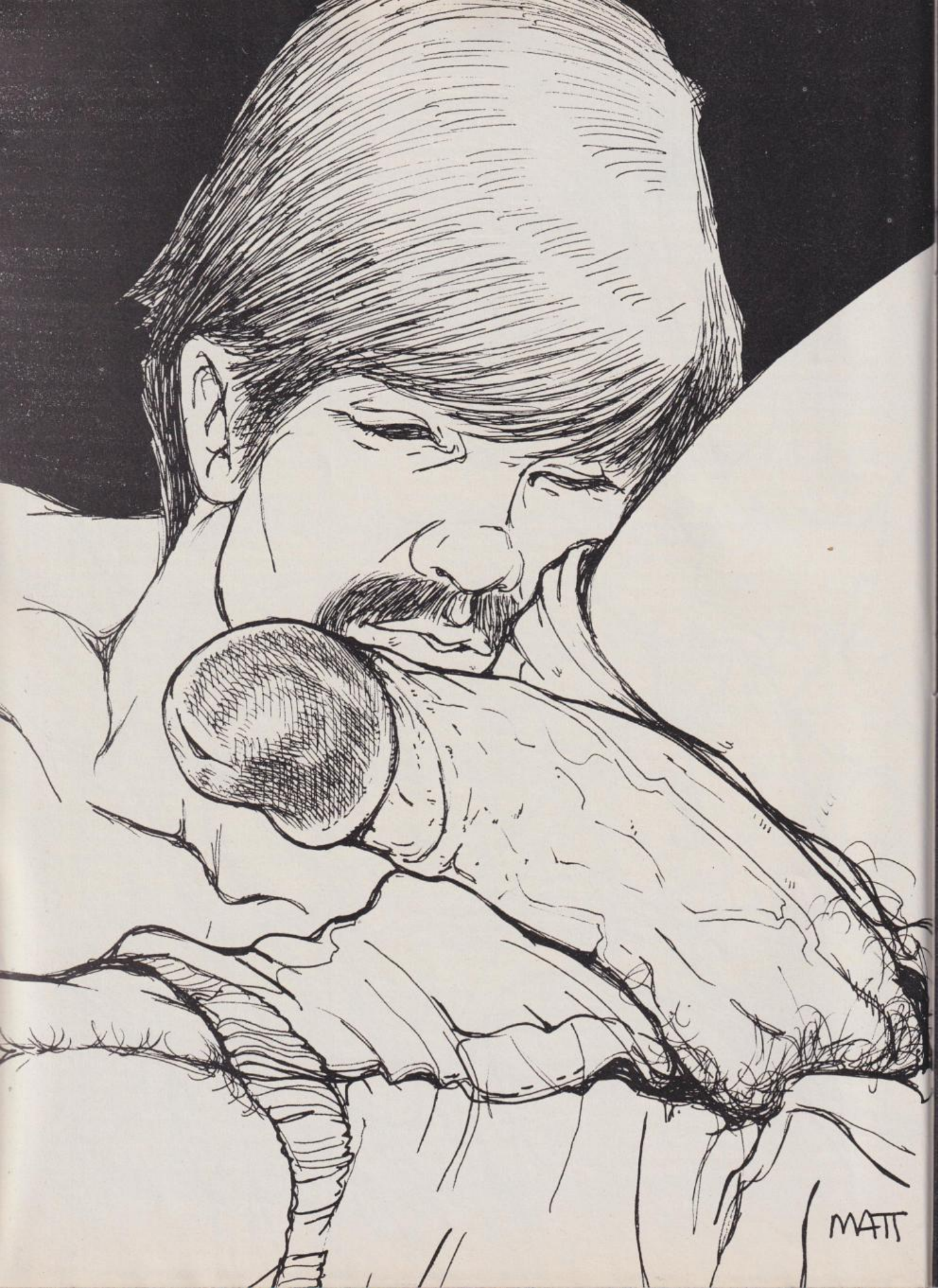
After a couple minutes, Frank rolled onto his side on the edge of the bed and Kent slid his body toward the wall. Frank resumed lying on his stomach and looked out the window at the yellow house. He hoped the Mexican hadn't arrived while he and Kent were getting their rocks off. He heard Kent snoring softly again.

Not a word had been spoken.

* * *

Nothing was said during the day, either. Frank opted against taking a nap because of his nervousness about Kent's presence on the bed. He couldn't quite understand what had happened the night before. He could understand how sheer horniness could drive them both to seek release, but he couldn't grasp why the experience

MATT


MATT

should have been so satisfying. He couldn't begin to fathom how he could have enjoyed kissing another man. That wasn't something the sessions in Joey's basement had prepared him for.

By midnight, after working lookout on the four to twelve shift, Frank was exhausted. Kent had napped for most of that shift—on the bed next to Frank. But Frank was careful not to look over at the body asleep beside him. He didn't want to start another chain reaction.

He woke Kent, and they switched positions on the bed. As Kent moved over him, Kent's groin grazed Frank's butt. For the second time, Frank got a strong jolt along the length of his prick. As he slid to the window side of the bed, he remained on his stomach—to avoid showing his obvious hard-on.

He fell asleep almost immediately. When he drifted back to consciousness, he had the most delicious sensation in his genitals, as if damp feathers were engulfing his cock. At first he thought he was with Nancy, who gave incredible head. Then with a start he remembered where he was. In the dim light, he peered over his chest and observed his long, narrow cock sticking out of his shorts and bobbing in and out of a mouth framed by a blond moustache and beard. As his vision cleared, he saw that Kent was lying on his side, with his knees bent just under the window. Kent had removed his shorts, and the tip of his uncapped erection was within an inch of Frank's cheek.

As he sucked, Kent ran one hand along the inside of Frank's left leg and the other across his firm stomach and hairy chest. Frank was stunned by the latest turn of events, but he surrendered to the sheer pleasure emanating from his saliva-covered cock. Kent moved closer to Frank; his thick, seven-inch-plus cock pressed against Frank's cock. The pressure caused Frank to turn his head, and as he did, Kent's hard-on jabbed him in the mouth. Without really thinking about it, Frank opened his mouth . . . and tasted.

He ran his tongue over the smooth surface; the taste was strange but undeniably pleasant. He savored the musky aroma from Kent's crotch. Kent started a short, gentle piston action that sent his cock in and out of Frank's mouth. Frank found the sensation very exciting. He had a sudden, overpowering urge to bring Kent's cock to explosion. He snaked his arms around Kent's torso and grabbed the man's butt to synchronize the movement of his head and Kent's prick. He began sucking in earnest.

At the same time, he continued to relish the wonderful waves of bliss that the mouth on his own cock was providing. Simultaneously both heads started picking up the tempo. Frank was delirious.

"Look," Kent explained, "we've all got different degrees of homosexuality and heterosexuality in us. Don't let it bother you. When we get out of here, you'll still enjoy fucking your girlfriends and I'll still enjoy fucking my wife. Maybe later tonight we can see if you enjoy getting fucked . . ."

Kent lifted his left leg, and Frank found his fingers moving toward Kent's exposed anus. He pressed one finger into Kent's chute; he thought he heard Kent groan. When he had worked his finger up to the knuckle in Kent's hot ass, Kent's whole body shuddered and his prick rammed hard into Frank's throat, causing Frank to gag slightly. Instantly, Frank's mouth was filled with a warm, slightly salty liquid that had an unusual but not unpleasant taste.

While Kent was flooding Frank's mouth, he stopped working on Frank's cock. But once the spasms had stopped, he resumed sucking with a new vigor. He applied his hand to Frank's long, hooded cock in a joint sucking-jacking movement. Frank was overcome. A tremendous explosion wracked his entire body, and he couldn't help crying out. Kent continued sucking, but he slowed his rhythm. Eventually, he removed his mouth from Frank's cock and placed his hand protectively over it.

Frank lay in a very contented stupor. Kent jumped off the bed and almost immediately climbed back on and peered out the window. Then he stretched out, leaned over Frank, and licked some of his own cum off Frank's chin. After that, he kissed Frank. Frank opened his mouth and the two tongues stroked each other.

Kent resumed his vigil; Frank slipped back into sleep.

Again, not a word.

* * *

Nor was there any discussion of their sexual activities the following day. While Frank acted as lookout, Kent provided his usual endless stream of chatter—simultaneously bouncing his little red ball, his trademark, all around the camper. He talked about investigations he'd worked on, his years in the Navy, his football days, and his family. He told several hilarious stories about scrapes he and other officers had gotten into. Frank contributed appropriate commentary. He would have preferred to talk about what they'd done the last two nights, but he just couldn't bring himself to steer the conversation in that direction.

He was appalled by how quickly he seemed to have turned queer. Christ, he'd even enjoyed cocksucking!

When he took over the observation post at midnight, he figured he and Kent would have sex at some point during the night. Kent had seemed to make that even more of a likelihood when he suggested, in mid-afternoon, that they both remove their shorts. Tuesday had been even hotter than the two previous days, and that fact formed the pretext for Kent's suggestion. Frank had agreed that it was a good idea, so he was working his shift entirely nude. Kent lay naked beside him.

About an hour after Frank started his watch, he felt Kent's body pressing against his hip. Glancing to his right, he noticed that Kent was lying on his left side and that it was Kent's ass that was nudging him. Kent seemed to be trying to push him off the bed. Then Frank saw Kent's sturdy cock standing perpendicular to his tapered body.

Frank's cock responded by extending to its full length. He turned onto his left side to avoid being forced onto the floor. From that position, Frank's erect cock was penetrating the crack in Kent's butt. Frank wondered if Kent could actually want to be fucked in the ass. As if in response to the unspoken question, Kent raised his right leg, spit twice onto the fingers of his right hand, and began rubbing the spittle into his asshole. Frank spit into his right hand and spread the spit along his cock.

Kent did want to be fucked, and Frank was aching to oblige him.

Positions were adjusted. Frank shoved his left arm under Kent's torso and forced him a bit closer to the wall. Kent took Frank's left hand and placed it over the left nipple on his furry chest. He squeezed Frank's fingers on his tit, indicating what he wanted Frank to do. Frank started rubbing and pinching Kent's nipple. Kent arched his head back slightly and moaned. With his right hand, Frank guided his prick into Kent's asshole. Kent reached back with his right hand to assist. After some initial resistance, Frank's eight inches began sliding into Kent's puckering hole. As he speared his partner, Frank moved his right hand around to grasp the man's massive cock.

While Frank was inching his raging prick into Kent, he kneaded Kent's nipples and pumped his cock. Kent started to whimper when Frank's balls touched his ass. Frank had never felt anything so tight and so

thrilling in all his life. He began pistoning in and out of Kent's searing asshole. "Harder!" Kent grunted.

It was the first time either of them had spoken during sex.

Frank didn't really need the encouragement. He picked up speed until he was battering Kent's ass with all the force his athletic frame could summon. He could feel the camper rocking with their frenzied movements. He knew he was building to a fantastic climax; it was as if his cock was being milked by the incredible spasms within Kent's hot, sticky tunnel. By this time Kent was groaning incoherently. Frank gasped, "I'm—coming!" And come he did. It felt like he was being drained from eyeballs to toetips. Within seconds, Kent cried out, "Fuck!" and he shot all over the camper wall.

For a couple minutes, neither could move. Then Frank released Kent's shrinking cock and slid his hand up to Kent's chest. Kent placed both of his hands over Frank's and squeezed. Frank kissed Kent in the nape of the neck. Kent groaned and sighed.

After another few minutes, Frank withdrew his depleted cock from Kent's asshole. He got off the bed, located the paper towels near the sink, wet two and washed himself off. He then wet two more, returned to the bed, and washed around Kent's asshole. "Thanks, lover," Kent whispered. Frank climbed back on the bed and resumed his lookout.

* * *

"Do you really enjoy getting fucked in the ass?" Frank asked after Kent had gone on duty at eight. This time he was sufficiently troubled by what had happened to initiate a discussion.

"Don't knock it till you try it," Kent shot back. His eyes were fixed on the yellow house. "I was in the Navy for two long years, much of that time on a sub. You get pretty fucking horny on those trips and some of the guys start to look damn attractive. One thing leads to another and before you know it, you're sucking and fucking with other guys. And if you want to get sucked, you'd better learn to suck. The same with fucking. You want to get your rocks off in some tight asshole, you better learn to take it up the ass yourself. After a while, you really dig it."

Kent glanced over at his partner and saw a look of real concern on his face.

"Look, we've all got different degrees of heterosexuality and homosexuality in us. Under the right circumstances, a guy who's mainly straight will act like he's gay. It's just the homosexual element that was always in him—that's always in everybody—coming to the fore. Don't let it bother you."

"I'm gonna have to think about that one for a while."

"You enjoyed what we did, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Frank admitted.

"Well, when we get out of here, you'll still enjoy fucking your girlfriends, and I'll still enjoy fucking my wife." Kent gave Frank a sly look. "Maybe tonight we can see if you enjoy getting fucked—if you're game."

"I don't know. We'll see."

Kent flashed a dazzling smile and winked.

* * *

At 9:30 that night, shortly after dark, the Mexican described by the snitch approached the yellow house. He was carrying a package, and as he came down the sidewalk, he kept looking around to see if he was being followed or observed. As soon as he entered the house, Frank alerted Kent, who went to the radio and called Sergeant Niles to report what Frank had seen. Niles put that information, along with what the junkie had told him, into a search warrant affidavit. He rushed the affidavit out to Judge Brewer's home, where the judge read it and signed the warrant. About an hour after the Mexican entered the yellow house, the Vice Squad burst in,

Continued to page 68

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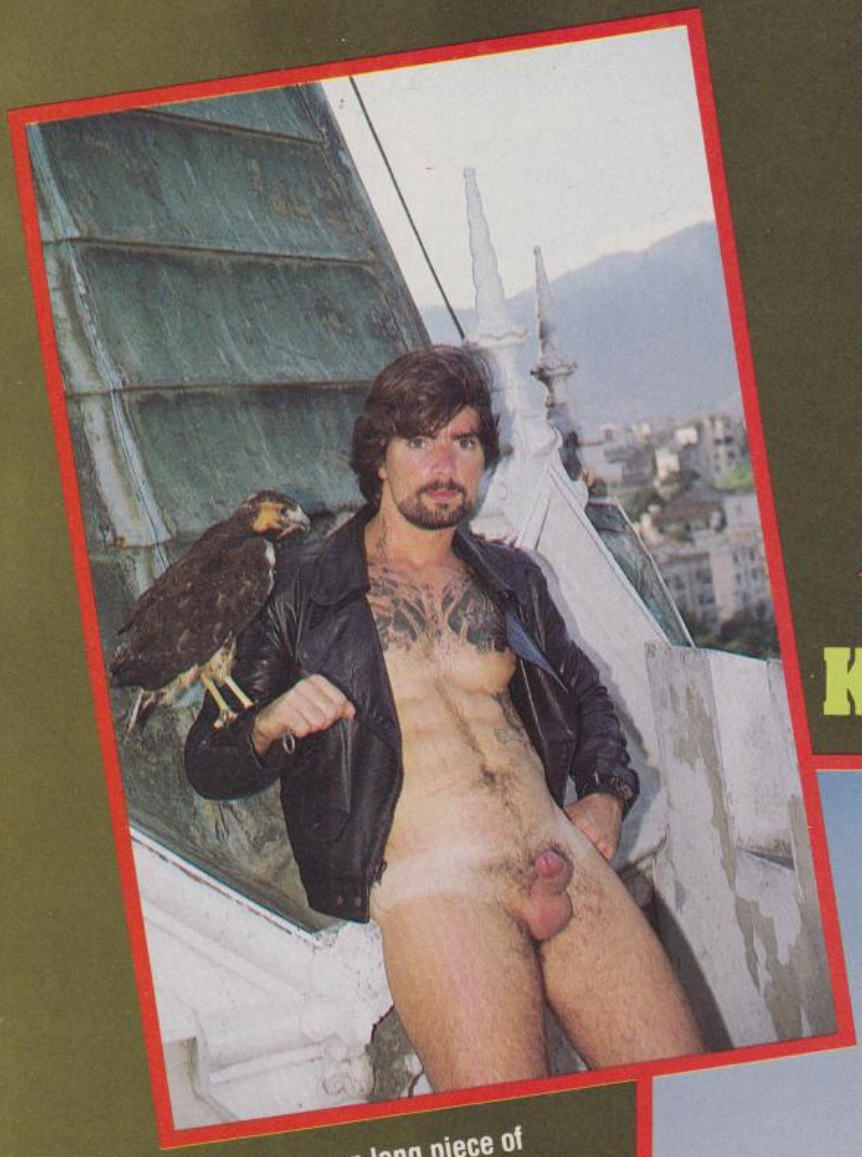
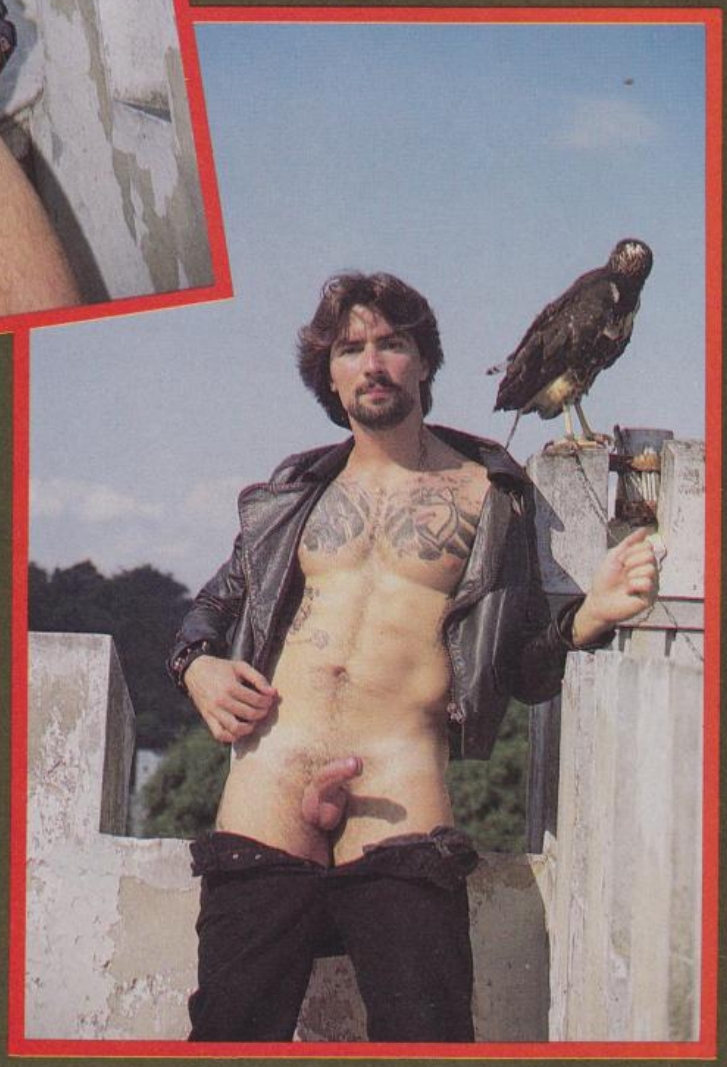
Wild Kingdom

This guy sure has lots of animals in his menagerie. Seems the only thing missing is a snake.

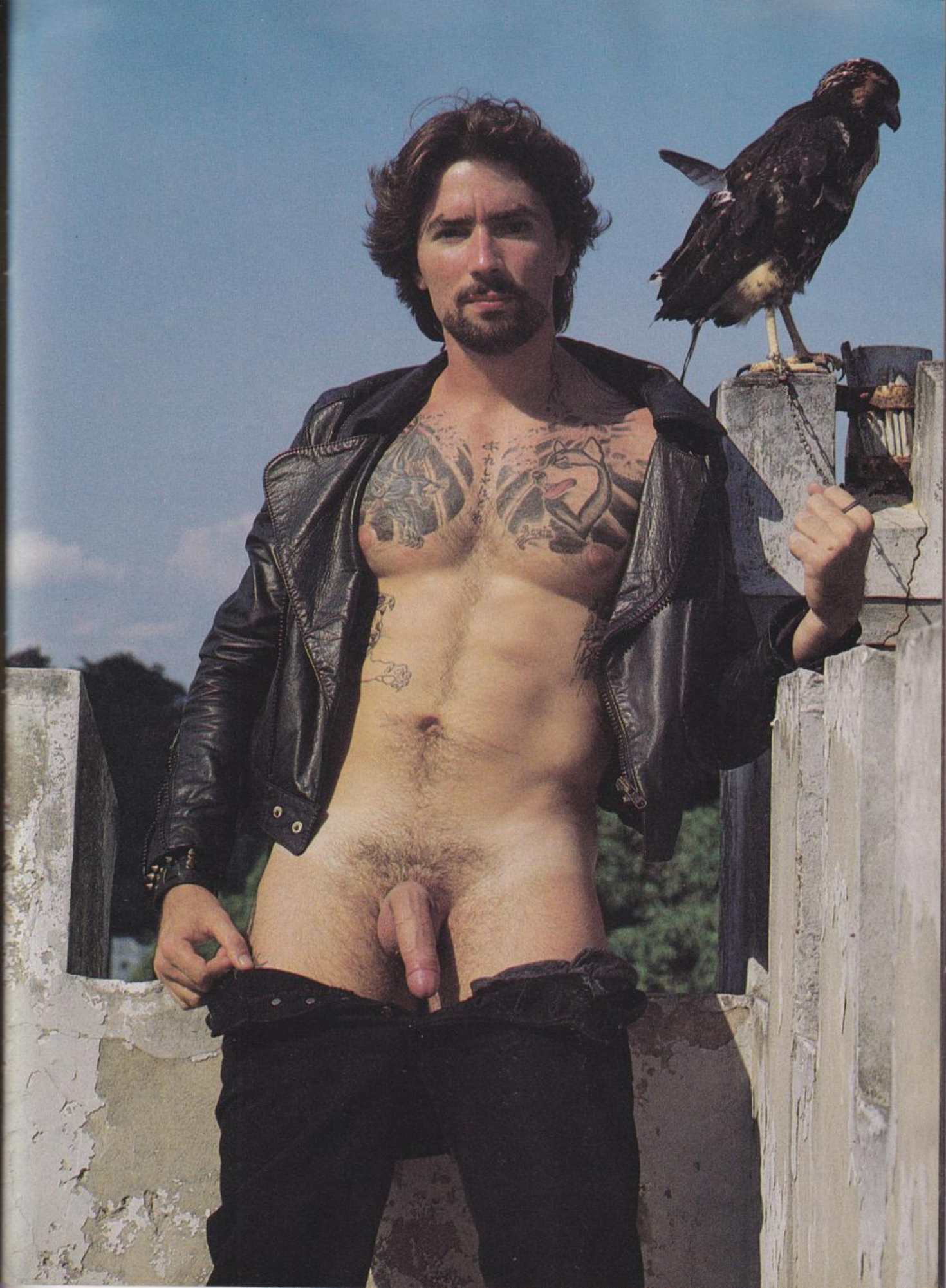
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

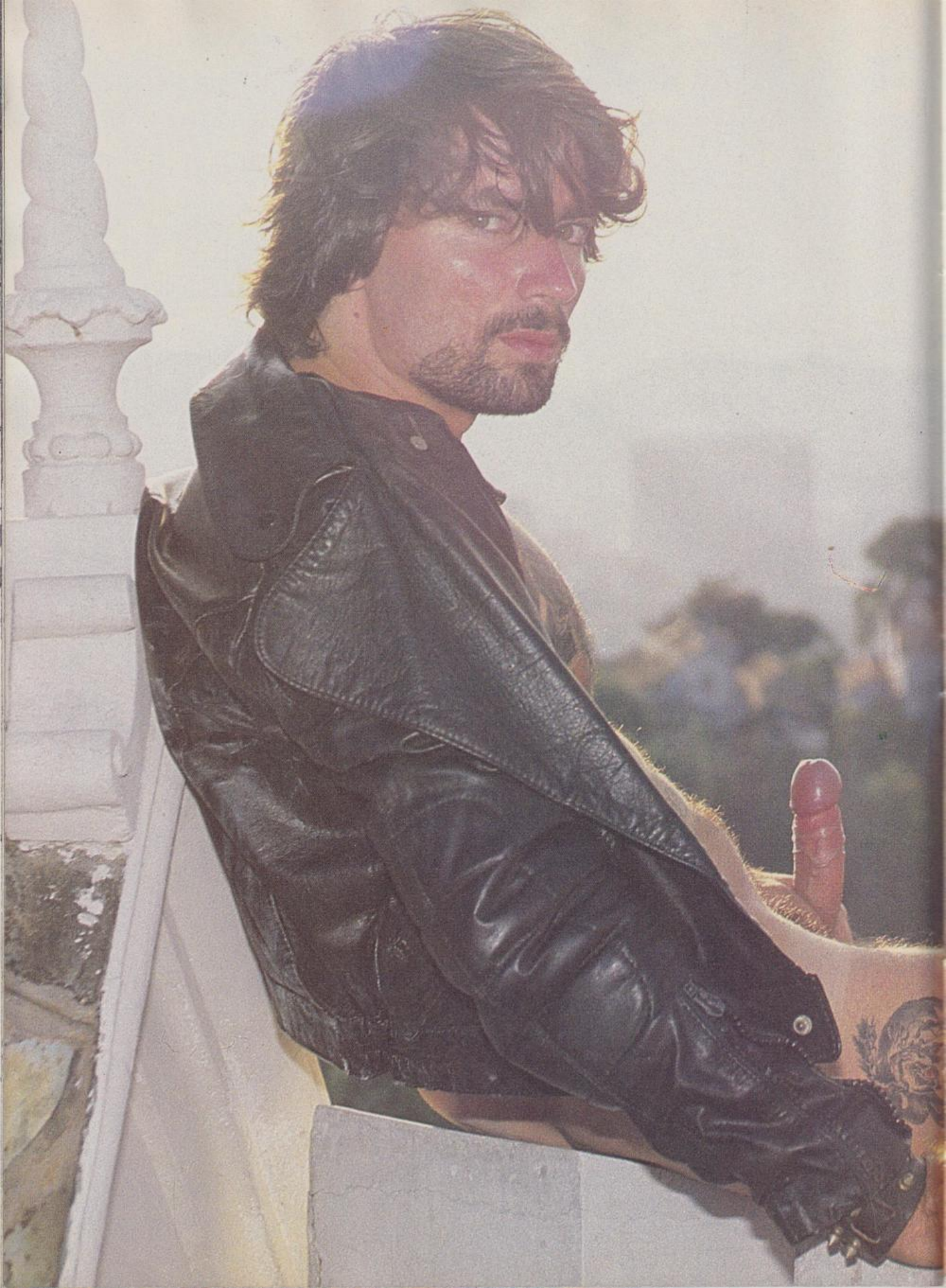


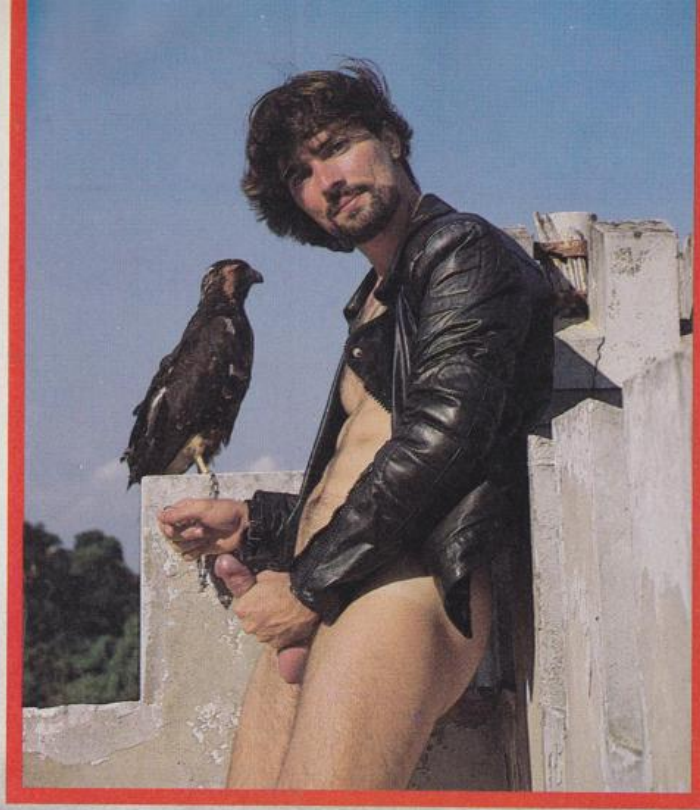
Wild Kingdom

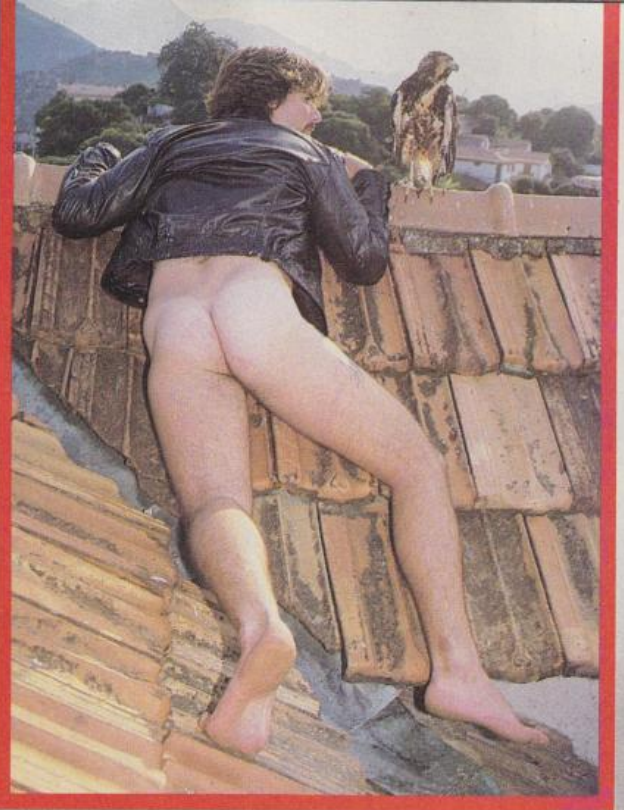


Actually, his own long piece of flesh is a lot more appealing than any reptile. His "snake" won't bite, but it just might choke you.









Wild Kingdom

Hope that falcon is trained. Sure would hurt if he perched on the wrong limb.

Wild Kingdom

But this guy seems to have all his animals under control. A trip to the zoo will never be the same.

JAIL HOUSE PICKUP

Continued from page 21

and his sobs began to subside. I ran my hands up and down his back, cupped the cheeks of his muscular ass in my palms. I no longer gave a shit if Phil found me in the morning with my throat cut. I had to have this man.

When I pulled my head back, I saw that he was looking directly into my eyes. I kissed his eyes, his nose. I worked my tongue between his closed lips. He opened them and greeted my tongue with his. He did not seem to have much experience at kissing, but what he lacked in skill he made up for in enthusiasm. I wasn't sure if he was getting off on all this or just letting me have my way with him out of gratitude. His cock answered for him: I felt it surge up and wedge itself between my legs. I lifted one leg and let his cock bounce against my balls. Soon the head was pushing against the crack of my ass. My fingers found his puckered asshole and rubbed across the little rosette. I moved my mouth from his lips to his throat, and continued southward.

With one quick move, I yanked the sheet off the bed and rolled him onto his back. I captured one of his hairy nipples in my mouth and soon had it hard. My hand was stroking the biggest set of balls and the longest cock I had ever felt. I wanted that mother in my mouth, but I've never been good at deep-throating big cocks straight on. I need to be in an upside-down or sixty-nine position in order to work a king-size dick all the way down my throat. I eased my body around and pried his cock away from his belly; the tip reached well beyond his navel.

I licked at the glistening head as if it were an ice cream cone. I felt his fingers playing with my nipples. He cupped my nuts in his other hand, then wrapped his fist around my cock shaft. Slowly, he jacked my dick back and forth. As I opened my mouth as wide as possible and began sliding down the impossible length of his cock, I felt something warm against my cockhead. It was his breath. He pushed forward slowly and didn't stop until his nose was buried in my ballsac. He had swallowed all nine inches on his first try. He may not have been an experienced kisser, but he sure as hell knew how to suck cock.

I figured if he could do it so could I, but my task was at least two inches greater than his. It took me three tries to complete it. We set up an opposing rhythm. Each time I pulled off his cock, he went down on mine. After awhile, I discovered, that, like myself, he loved having his nuts played with. So I pulled off his cock and started sucking on his balls. I could only manage one at a time.

He squirmed like crazy as I moved my tongue between his balls and his ass. When he splayed his legs open, I could smell the light fragrance of deodorant soap. I pried his ass cheeks apart and drove my tongue into his hole. "Aaaggrrrhhh," he gurgled around my cock. It was the first sound he'd made since I met him. Even his panicked weeping had been silent.

His asshole was now dripping with my saliva; I eased a finger inside until it was pressing against his prostate. I added two more. Soon I had his asshole relaxed enough that I knew it would take my cock without too much difficulty. I pulled out of his mouth, swung around, and knelt between his splayed legs. He knew what was coming. When I started to raise his legs, he pulled them up himself and locked his arms behind his knees. With my tongue, I went after his ass again, then his balls, then his cock, all the while edging my cock upward in his slick crack, toward the puckered opening. I pulled my mouth off his cock, raised my head, and looked directly down into his eyes. I smiled. For the first time, he smiled back—and pulled open his ass cheeks. I almost came right then and there.

I looked down and watched the head of my dick pressing inside him. As soon as it had disappeared, he tightened his ass muscles. He was grinning from ear to ear. The hot tightness surrounding my cock was excruciatingly pleasurable, and he knew it. I kept pushing until my balls were mashed against his cheeks. He reached around me, clasped his hands behind my back, and pulled me in even deeper. He began working his rectal muscles, sending spasms of pleasure up and down my cock.

I fucked him slowly at first, but I was soon long-dicking his ass with powerful strokes that made my balls smack noisily against his upturned ass. He was so beautiful, so manly, so eager to please; I knew I couldn't make it last. Not very long. My nuts were already at the bursting point. I pounded into him, once, twice, three more times. Then I exploded: the most intense orgasm of my life. I wasn't squirting, I was pissing cum.

By the time the flow stopped, I was gasping like a drowning man. I eased my cock out of his ass and flopped on my back alongside him. I reached over and wrapped my fist around his cock. As soon as I was breathing normally again, I was going to have a feast. But I was still struggling for breath when I felt myself being flipped over onto my belly. He stretched out

Continued to page 68

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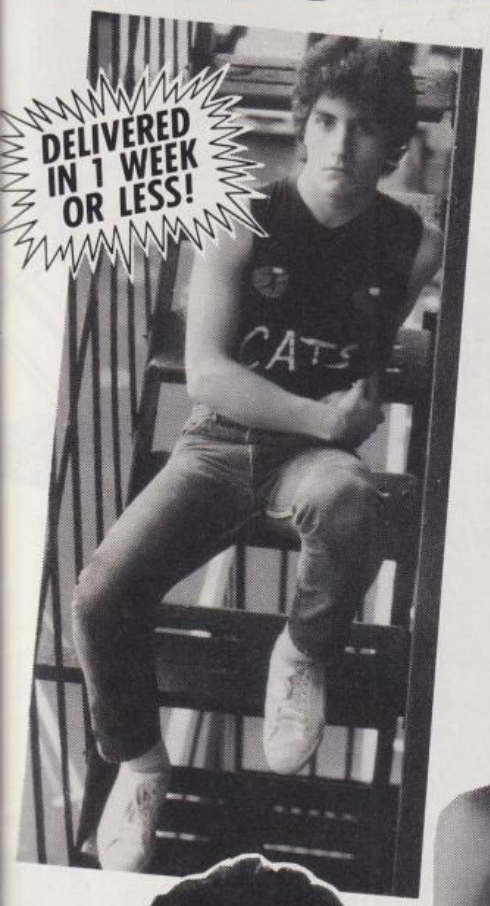

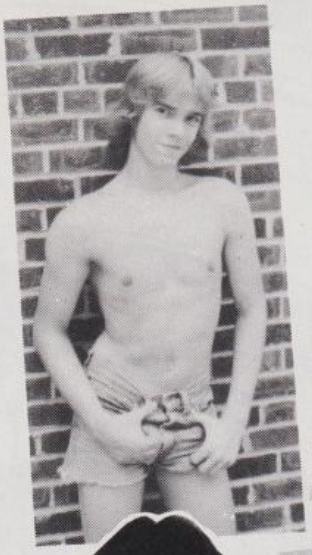

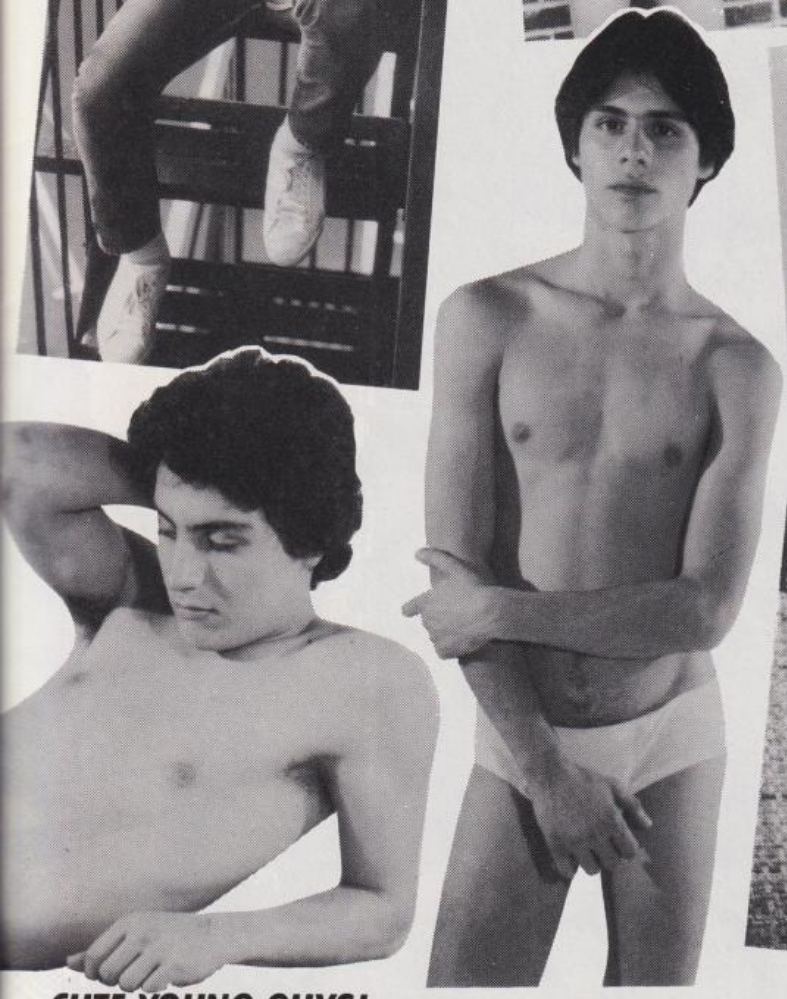

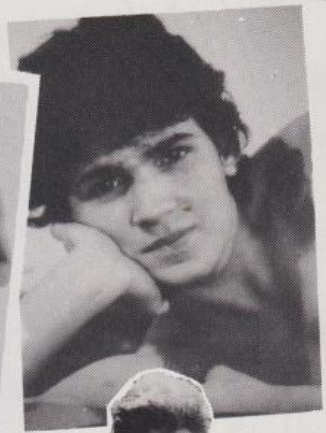

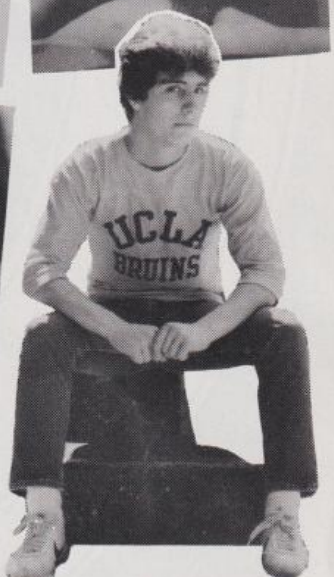

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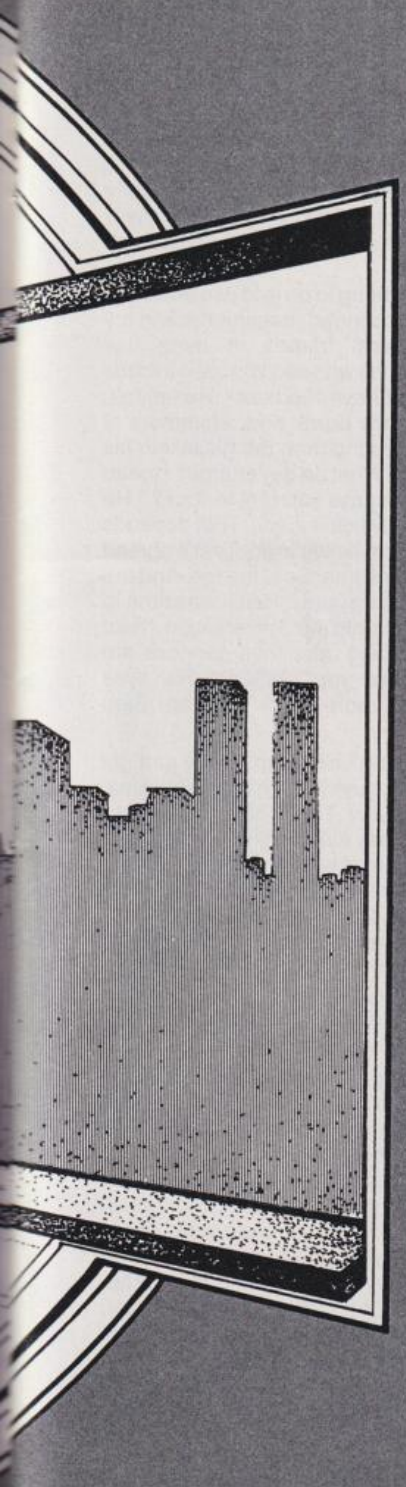

BREAKING IN A HUSTLER

STORY AND ART BY RICHARD A. WHITE

Manhattan's mid-winter dawn, when seen from the window of my sixteenth floor condo in Brooklyn, shows the skyline wrapped in an icy-blue haze. After dancing all night, I'd dragged myself into the building's elevator, after waving to Tito, the doorman. His knowing nod and slightly crooked grin were as familiar to me as my morning coffee. He had just about finished his graveyard shift when I picked my exhausted way through the lobby.

Tito, a spectacularly hot Latino, was the night doorman in my apartment building. He was all man and so sure of himself that he didn't mind a bit that I am gay. Occasionally, he would come to visit me if I happened to come home from a night of dancing at dawn just as he was getting off his shift...

I sat sipping a final brandy, watching Manhattan blue slowly becoming Manhattan gold, as the sun crept over the towers—then the doorbell rang. It wasn't the downstairs buzzer; it was the bell right outside my door. "Has to be a neighbor," I muttered to myself, "on their way to work." I peeked through the peep-hole and saw Tito's flashing white grin, framed by that bushy "Bandito" moustache. He was in his civilian clothes, a tight white T-shirt, and a leather parka slung over one shoulder.

I opened the door and he handed me a glove. "Mus' be yours, huh?" he asked, still grinning, and obviously waiting to be invited in. (After a year in the building, we'd gotten to know each other and he'd occasionally stop in for some decent liquor. He knew I was gay, said it wasn't his thing, but enjoyed my company.) I thanked him and motioned toward the stuffed chairs by the huge window. He plopped down and slid back into the chair so that his bulging legs spread out in front of him. The view was becoming spectacularly bright. I poured us brandy.

The first time Tito ever gave me more than his routinely courteous greeting at the entrance was when he heard the other

doorman call me by name. Sullivan was with the building when I moved in three years ago. "Morning, Mr. Gonsalves" was his daily ritual. My Portuguese last name caused Tito's smile to linger. Kinship, I guess: his last name is Martinez. From that point on, he addressed me by name and usually had something to say, about the day, the weather, or the latest headline.

Once he made a special trip to my apartment to deliver a package from U.P.S. His shift had just ended, so I invited him in for coffee. He duly noted my well-appointed rooms, and in particular the glass table in the center of which was a crystal decanter of brandy. I waved for him to join me in the chairs by the table and opposite the 15-foot window to watch the gray and rainy spring dawn. The warmth of the brandy and coffee enhanced both the view and Tito. He told me later that he didn't quite know what to make of me. He knew I was gay, but he never saw me with anyone. He knew my last name was foreign, yet I looked very American. He knew I lived on the penthouse floor, yet I almost always wore jeans.

When I told him that I was a designer, somehow everything made sense to him. It's amazing what is considered perfectly appropriate as soon as people learn that you're in "the arts." We sat there that first morning, sipping and getting more comfortable with each other. He saw nude male drawings on my wall and asked if I'd done them. I said that I had, but that I'd given up the finer arts for the more profitable one of filling people's rooms with furnishings they didn't appreciate. He laughed. He always threw his head back when he laughed. The thick cords of his neck throbbed as he chuckled. I was instantly taken with his powerfully-developed, dayworker's body. He'd given up construction work for this job.

"naked" and waited for a reaction, but not for long.

"Dey jus' strip right 'dere for you? And den you draw dem?" he asked eagerly. "Uh huh. It's a relaxing way for me to unwind after drawing floor plans all day. Makes me feel like a new man." I laughed to myself at my very unsubtle choice of words—which was not lost on Tito. "Do you ever fuck wit' dem? C'mon, you can tell me. You do, right?" He reached for the brandy and helped himself. "I'd be lying, Tito, if I said it *never* happened. It does. But rarely," I lied. It happens often. No wonder he never saw me take anyone home. The safety of my studio meant freedom from the prying eyes of condo crones.

Tito leaned back in the creaking leather cushions and chortled into his brandy snifter. In this light, with those bulging hairy arms of his against the sleek beige chairback, he was every inch a centerfold from a glossy gay magazine. And he knew it. His eyes always met mine, lit golden by the dawn, and his stare held me riveted. "Do you have to pay dem very much?" "No." Not much at all. About 25 dollars an hour." "What? For just taking off dere clothes and jus' standin' dere?" "Sure. It's not much, but . . ." I shrugged offhandedly, reached for the carafe, and gazed at the amber kingdom across the river.

"Dat's a *lot* for doin' nothin', I think. 'Zat *all* dey hafta do? Just strip?" He giggled a little, odd for such a big strapping Latin stud to make such a silly noise. "That's all. I don't have to pay for the sex, if that's what you mean. I'm only 35." I leaned back in my chair and waited for him to follow my lead. "Yeah, and you're still good-lookin'. Us Latins, we age well, huh? Me, I'm 30." I took my cue and looked duly surprised. "Really? God, you look much younger. Big but young."

The conversation turned to hustling; Tito was fascinated to learn that guys like me would pay a straight man for sex. Soon, it was more than conversation. Tito wanted me to demonstrate exactly what he would have to do if he turned pro. I was astonished at how quickly he caught on. He was a natural.

The arts seem always to come up as a topic. On this frigid winter morning, seeing new men on my walls, Tito once again asked if I'd done them, and once again I admitted I had. "Where do you draw dem? Do you have a studio?" he asked, his gaze fixed on the Maxfield Parrish vista outside. "Uh huh . . . in Manhattan . . .Twenty-Third Street . . . real old building . . . big spaces, really inexpensive. I do most of my large work there, and occasionally I dally in drawing naked men." I punched the word

He smiled at having successfully procured the compliment. He was charmingly sweet for one so big. At six-foot-plus, he was very tall for a Latin. And the curls peeking out the top of his too-tight T showed him to be hairier than most of the Latins I knew. Massively thick legs attested to years of road work. Well-worn jeans left no doubt that his cock was as impressive as the rest of him. His thinning hairline, however, made it plain that he was *at least* thirty. But the beauty of that handsome, dimpled, square-cut face of his would not have been marred in the least by even total baldness.

"What do people pay to fuck wit' someone, anyway?" Tito asked, staring over his near-empty snifter. I poured and answered, "Depends on the way you meet the person. On the streets they're cheaper and more dangerous—to both your health and your belongings." I acted knowing, but not cynical. Tito nodded and sipped, his eyes misting a bit from the heat rising from the snifter. "Yeah, with AIDS and all, ya gotta be real careful, huh?" I smiled. "Yep, that's why you don't see them coming home with me."

"The best thing to do is to use an escort service," I continued, leaning back in my chair. "Several friends of mine use them . . . friends who can't be seen in bars, or who don't have the time." He smiled, ever so slightly drunk now, shimmers of sunlight reflecting from the glass into his face. "Yeah? What do dey charge? I mean the guys, the guys you rent to fuck?" He was genuinely fascinated. "That depends on what they're asked to do. That's agreed upon ahead of time. So is the fee. And the amount of time spent." I felt it was time to drop a big lure into the conversation. "A lot of the men who offer their services are straight . . . like you." BOOM! His eyes flared with more than Cordon Bleu Cognac!

"You kidding? How can dey be straight and fuck wit' guys?" he hissed softly into his drink. "Easy. They only do what *they* want to do. They can just lie back and think of their girlfriends while they get serviced." I carefully avoided any clinical specifics. "Sometimes, they don't even have to have any real contact. The client might want to act out some story that he'd be embarrassed to carry out with someone he knew or might see again." I sipped, glanced at the sky, and let his curiosity do its stuff.

"What kind of stories? You mean like movie stories?" "Sort of. Some people carry movies around in their heads and want to see them played out. Sometimes the story, or just looking at a naked straight man, can be more intoxicating, more satisfying than a lot of thrashing about. For instance, if one story a guy has always wanted to live out is to catch his brother beating off, then he'd arrange it with you ahead of time. When you arrive, the client would expect you to be in character, as his brother. Probably go to the bedroom and strip to your underwear and beat off while he spied on you—never touching you. Or maybe he'd have you catch *him,* spank him naked, and put him to bed."

I expected Tito to laugh. But he didn't. He was transfixed. "What if a client wants to swat de guy's ass dat he hired?" I grinned reassuringly. "Only if you agree

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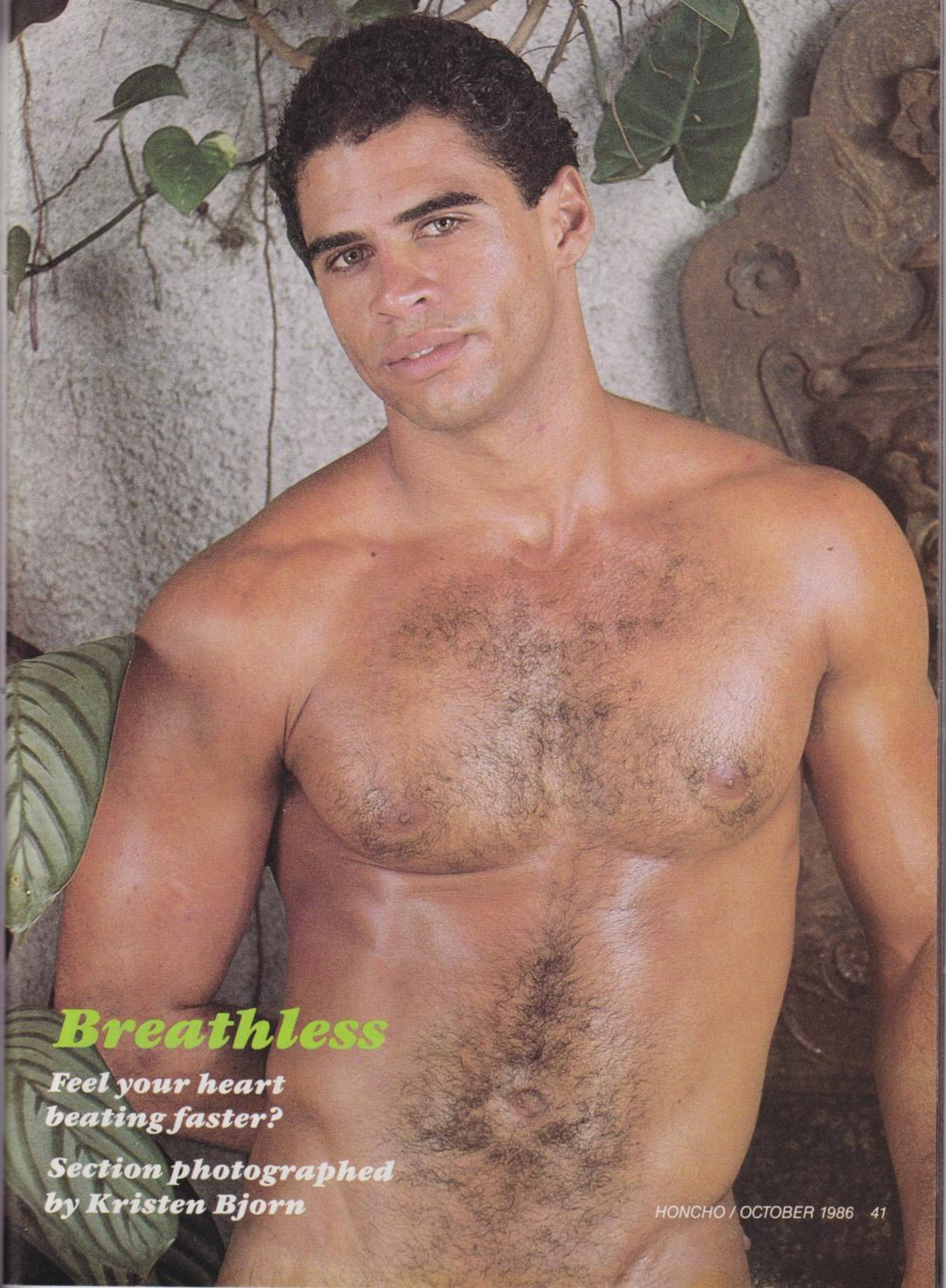
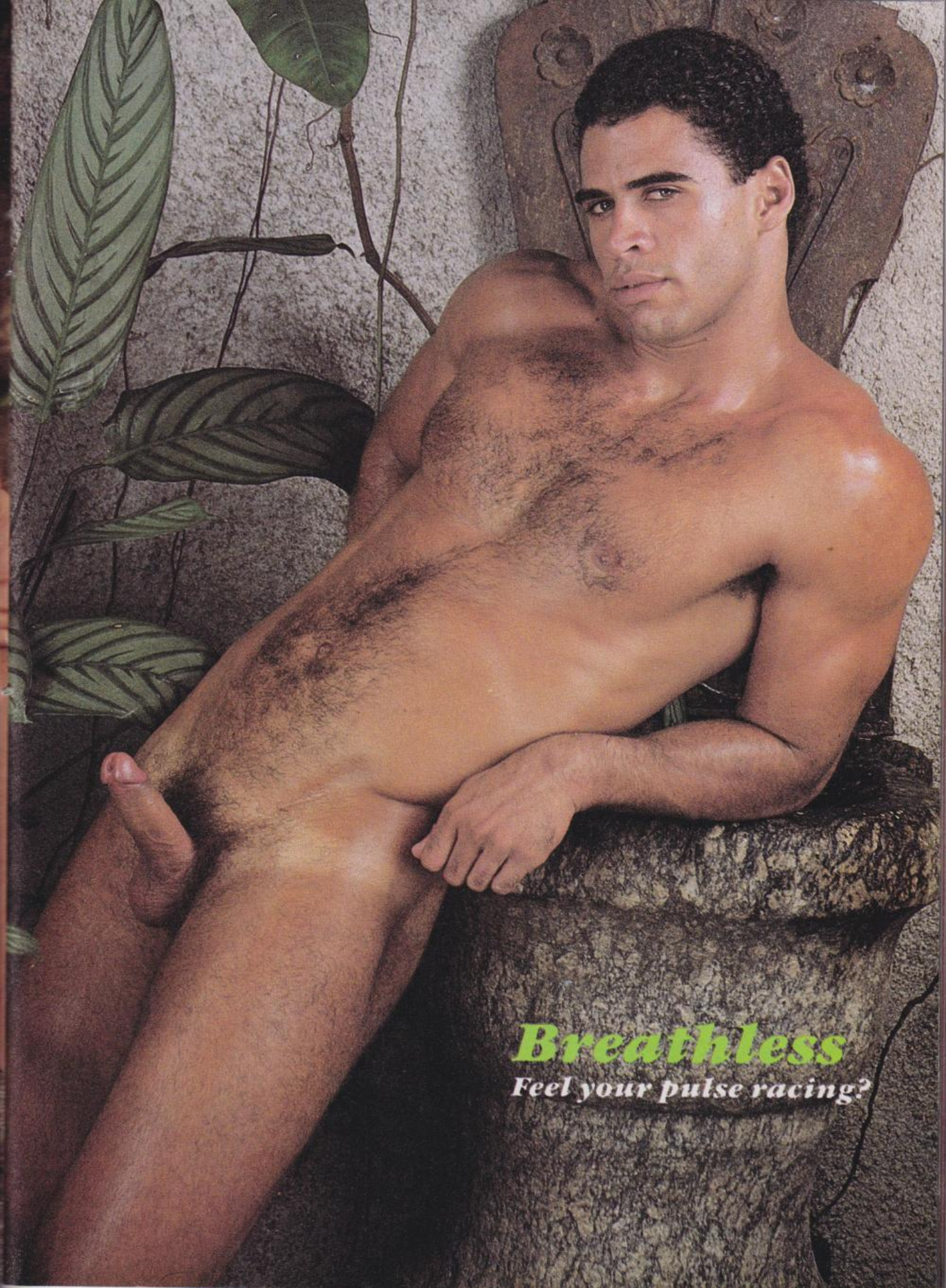


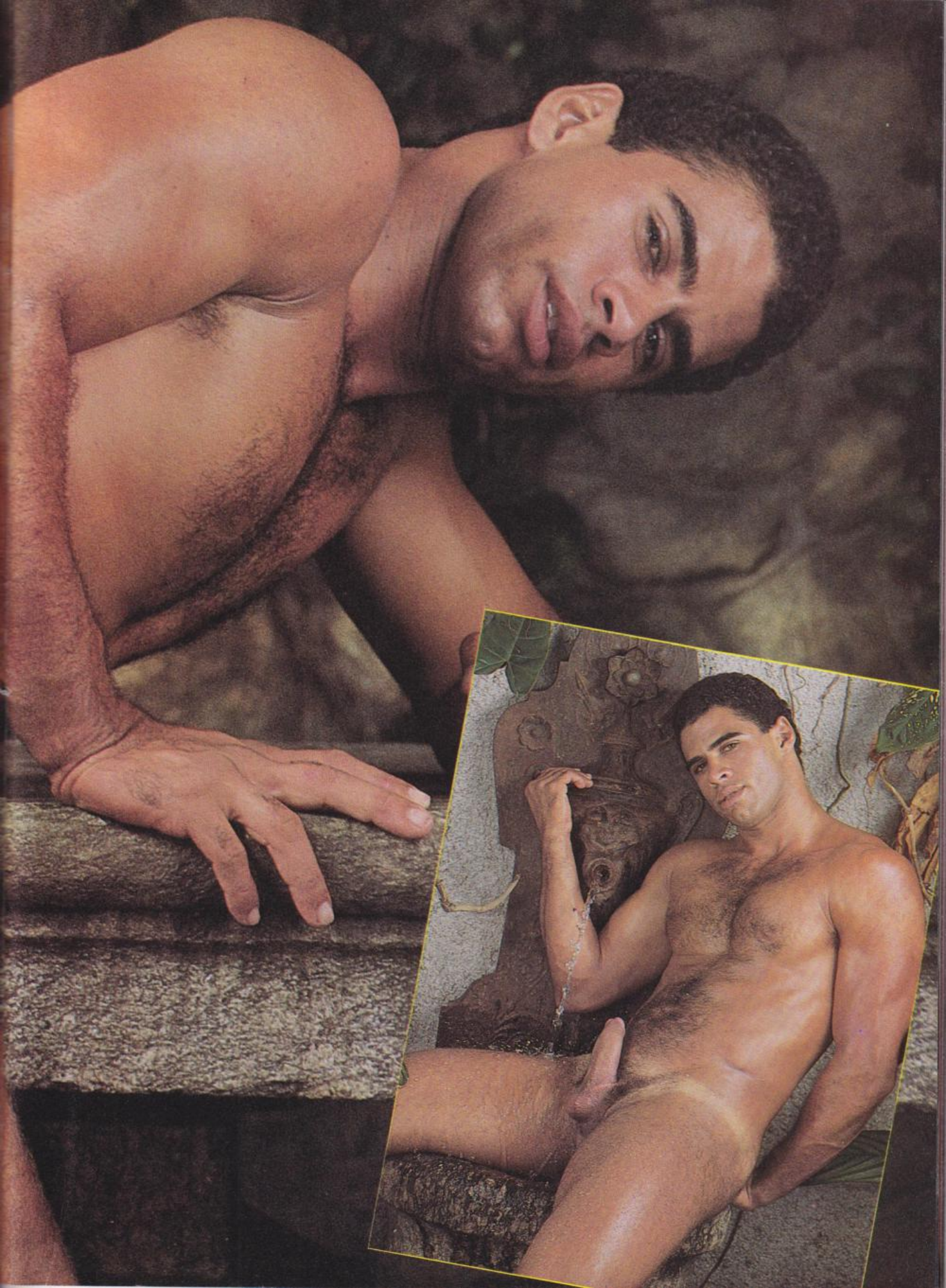
Breathless

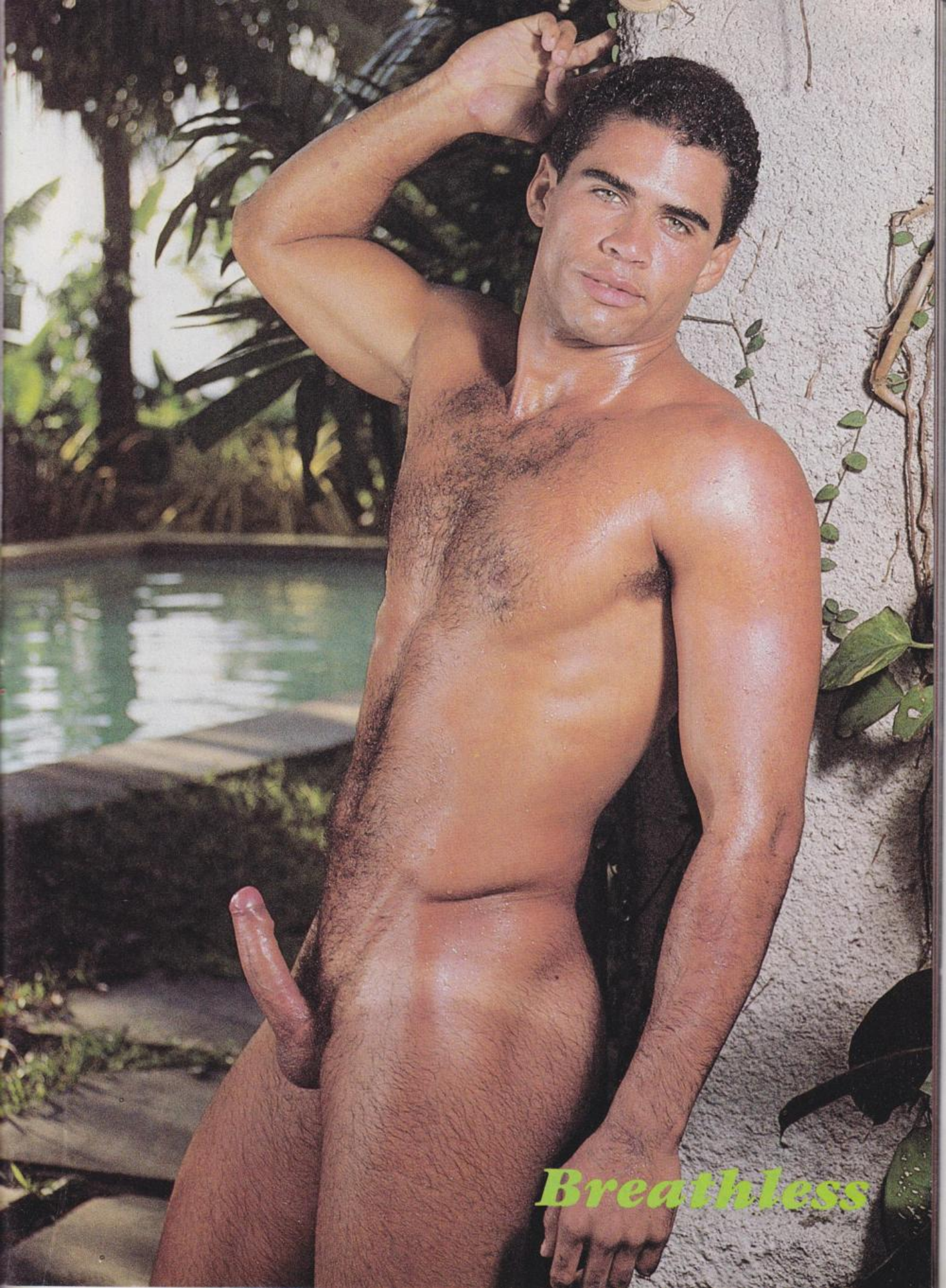
Feel your heart beating faster?

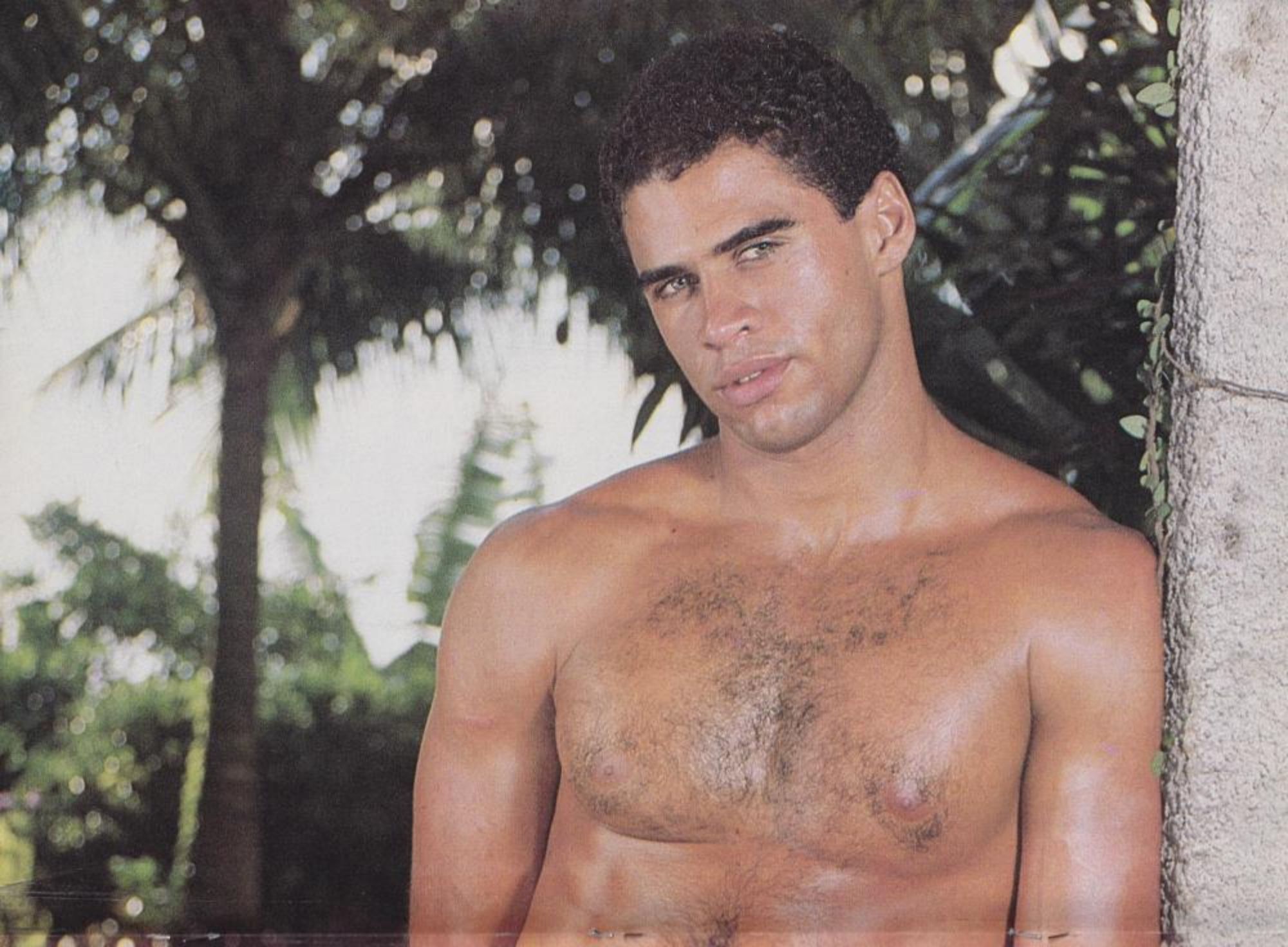
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn


Breathless
Feel your pulse racing?

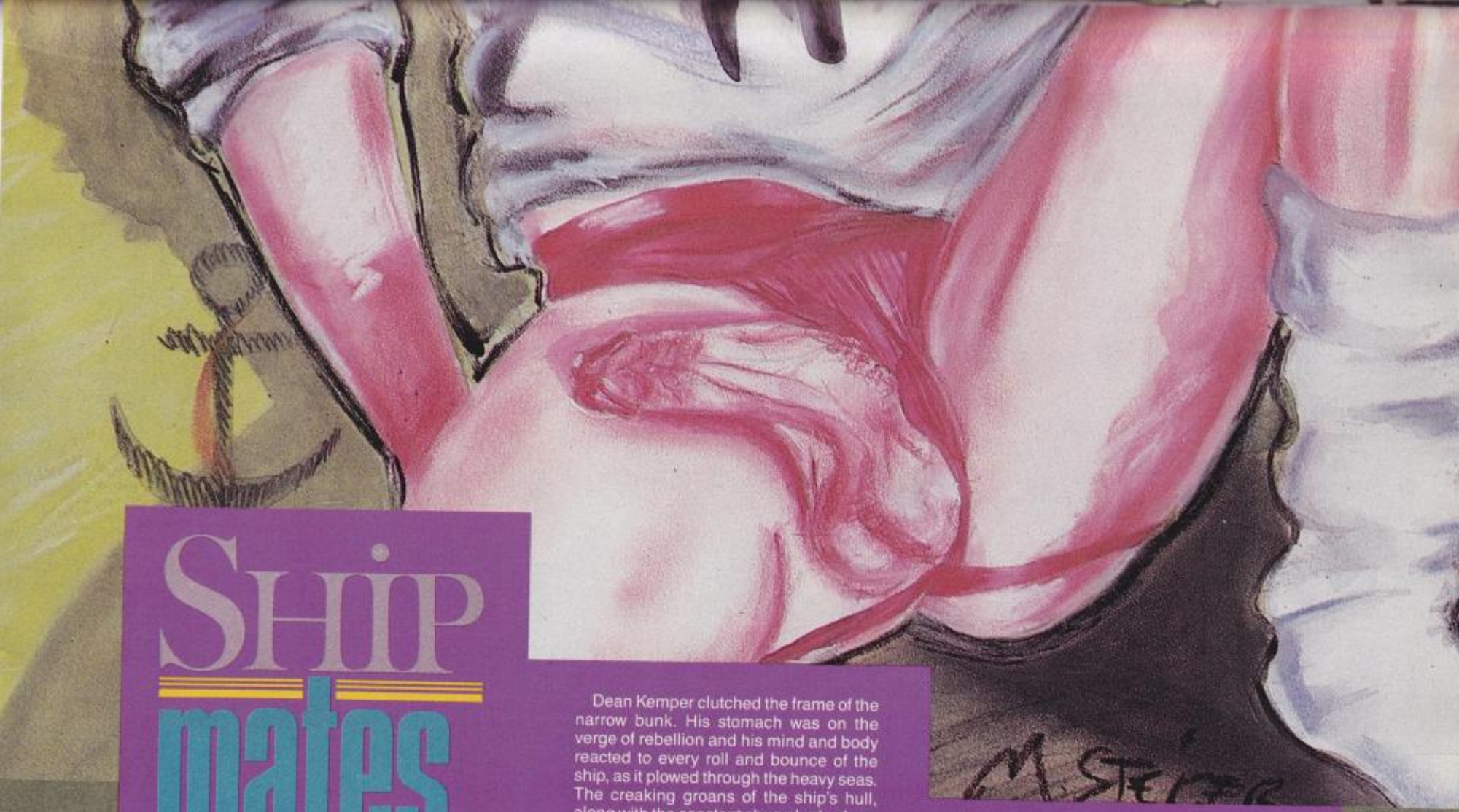
Breathless
Feel your knees getting weak?




Breathless



This man will leave you breathless.



SHIP mates

BY BUD O'DONNELL
ART BY M. STEIGER

Dean Kemper clutched the frame of the narrow bunk. His stomach was on the verge of rebellion and his mind and body reacted to every roll and bounce of the ship, as it plowed through the heavy seas. The creaking groans of the ship's hull, along with the constant chug-clunk, chug-clunk, of the massive engines, did nothing to put the young sailor at ease. It was his first voyage as a new crewman aboard the huge oceanic freighter.

Kemper's bunk was at the top of four tiers, and located in the center of the crew's quarters in the forward part of the ship. Only six men bunked in this 16-man unit.

The rest of the crew was billeted in the aft quarters. There was an aisle on the left of Dean's bunk, but on the right was another bunk so close that the back of his hand rubbed against the mattress edging of the bunk next to his, as he clutched the tubular frame of his own bed. The bunks were hinged and chained to inch-thick, steel ver-

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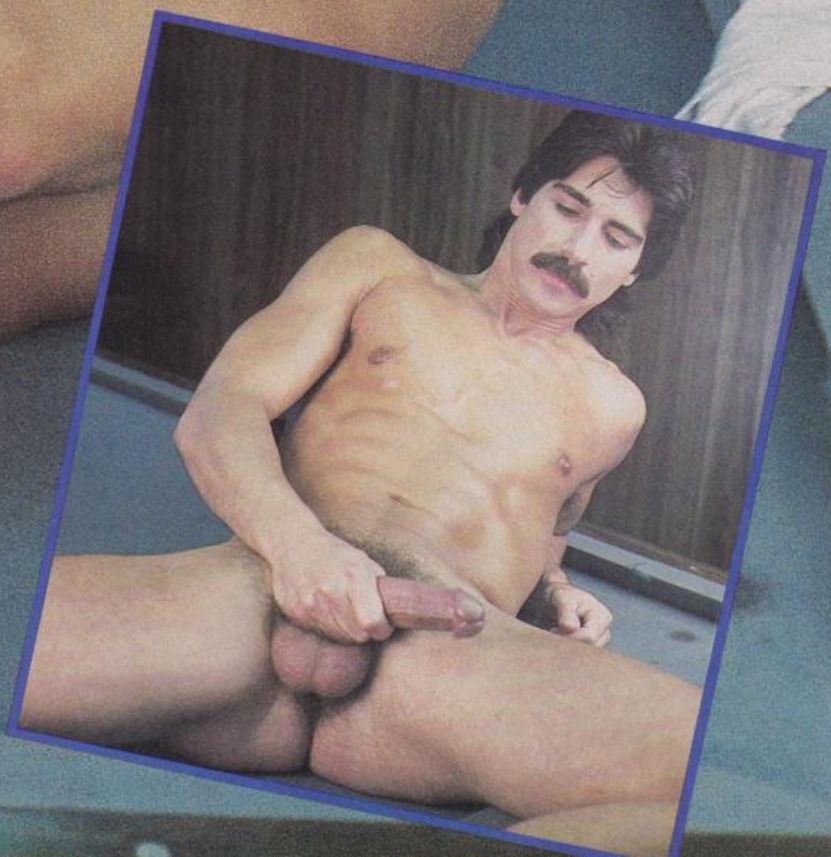
POCKET POOL

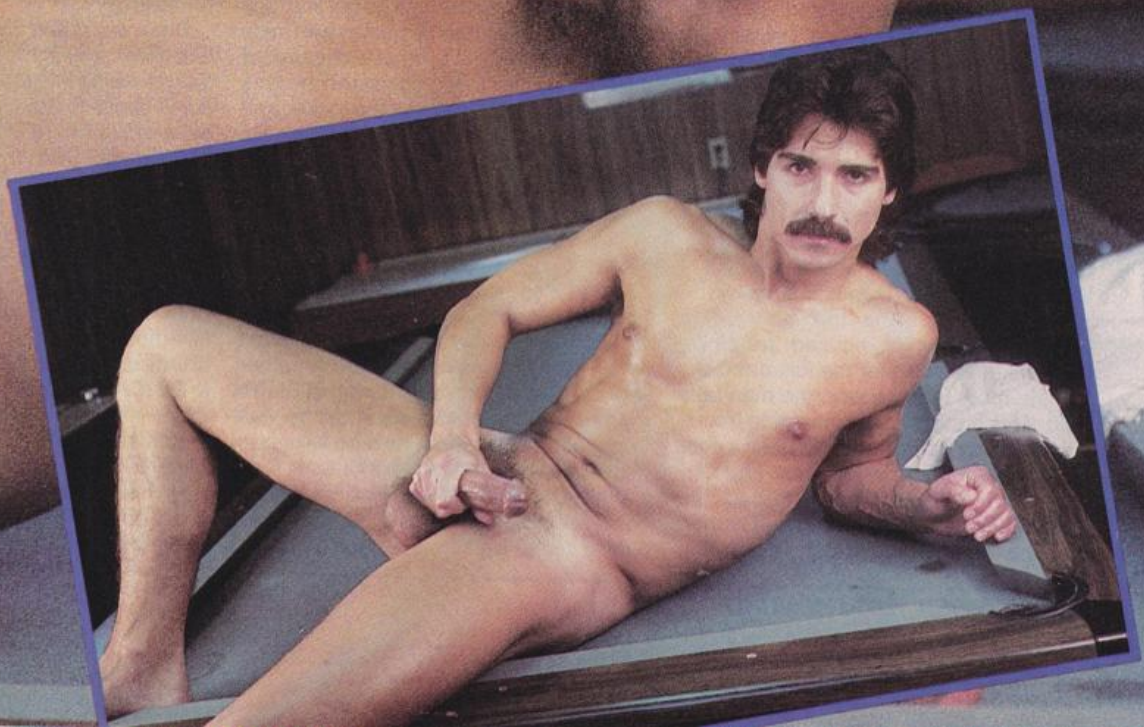
Pull out your cue stick and line it up for a good solid shot.

Section photographed by Graven Image



POCKET POOL

Or just grab hold of his cue stick and check out the way he shoots.



SHIP MATES

Continued from page 51

tical beams at each end, but other than that inch separation, the two narrow bunks looked more like a double bed when folded down.

The lights were automatically turned off at 22 hundred bells, and the only illumination left came from shielded pin lights along the base of the bulkhead. They were designed to allow the sailors to find the aisles, but none of that light filtered up to Dean's level, as he lay on his bunk, staring into the darkness.

He had been out to sea just one day, and Kemper was already concerned about his decision to hire on as a radio-radar specialist. His doubts were of little comfort, as the ship was tossed hither and yon by the rough Atlantic waters.

As the bow of the freighter surged once again out of the sea, only to slap back down with such force that jolting vibrations shook the entire ship, Dean clutched the bunk frame even tighter and a loud groan escaped his lips.

He jumped when an unexpected voice, so close he could feel the speaker's breath against his right cheek, asked, "Whatsamatter, Mate?" It was a crewman in the adjoining bunk. Dean turned his head in the voice's direction, but could see nothing but darkness. "I guess I'm starting to get a little seasick," Dean groaned.

"Well, come on with me to the head, Mate. I've got somethin' that should fix you up in a hurry," the voice said, and Dean could feel the mattress against his hand shift, as the crewman climbed out of his bunk and into the aisle below. Dean eased himself down from the bunk, and as his feet reached the deck, he felt a hand touch his shoulder. "Follow me, Mate!" the sailor instructed. Dean had to look down at the deck to see anything, and there was just enough glow from the pin lights for him to make out a pair of bare feet and about six inches of leg ahead of him. The rest of the man's body was swallowed up in the darkness. Dean followed the feet for some distance, and watched as they stopped. When the sailor pushed open the hatchway leading to the head and flipped on the light switch, he was all but blinded by the glare suddenly filling the stark white compartment, which housed the sinks, showers, and toilets for the forward crew. He felt, more than he saw, the man take hold of his hand, shake something from a bottle into his palm, and say, "Take a couple of these with a swig of water, Mate."

Without question, Dean tossed the tablets into his mouth, turned and leaned over the fountain. While Dean drank, the sailor said, "They're Dramamine, and great for what ails you. You ain't the only swabby who gets seasick. If I didn't have a supply of these, I'd be puking all over the ship every time she hauled anchor."

Dean raised his face from the fountain and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. His mouth literally fell open when he turned and saw his benefactor. In front of him, wearing nothing but a pair of skimpy underwear briefs, stood the most handsome and muscular man Dean had ever remembered seeing. He wondered how he could have spent a whole day aboard that ship and not have seen the man before. Dean's knees were actually rubbery as he thought about that stud's bunk being mere inches from his own. Although Dan was speechless at the moment, his eyes had no trouble roaming up and down the man's spectacular body. He didn't miss a millimeter of that underwear pouch, which was stuffed to capacity. When he looked up at the man, he was greeted with a big smile and a hand extended in Dean's direction. "My name's Stan Mousowski," Stan said and laughed. ". . .and whether I like it or not, everyone calls me Moose."

Dean thought he was going to come in his underwear when Stan grabbed his hand and shook it. "Ah. . .oh. . .I. . .I. . . 'm Dean Kemper," Dean stammered. ". . .and I'd be g. . .g. . .glad to call you Stan, Stan, if you'd pr. . .pr. . .prefer." Dean blushed over his stuttering.

As Dean stared at Stan's physical perfection, he thought that if it were not for the mat of shiny blond hair covering the man's chest, belly, arms and legs, his body would resemble one that had been molded out of polished bronze. Dean himself was no slouch when it came to looks and body build, but he was no match for Stan's muscularity.

From Dean's earliest recollection, he had always been more attracted to men than to women. By the time he got into high school, he was almost obsessed with male nudity, and went out for sports because of the body contact it permitted, and the time it allowed him to spend in the locker and shower rooms with naked classmates. He didn't quite understand why cock and balls turned him on so, when his buddies were always talking about tits and pussy. Yet at 19, Dean was still a virgin, if jacking off several times a day didn't count. He'd never messed around with a guy, mainly because he was sure he was the only male who felt as he did, and because he didn't know what two guys could do together anyway. But as he stood staring at Stan's magnificent maleness, he knew he was one person with whom he'd be willing to improvise, if the chance ever arose.

While Dean stared, Stan kind of rambled on. "I keep these on the beam above our bunks. . .and be sure you take a couple every mornin' and again before you hit the sack. Don't worry, Mate, I've got a good supply. . .and. . .ah. . .as for you callin' me Stan. . .it might be kinda nice havin' a friend call me by my right name for a change, but I'm so used to Moose that I might not know who yer talkin' to at first." Stan chuckled, and as he smiled again at Dean, the butterflies in the young sailor's stomach began a whole new flight pattern.

Dean felt his cock begin to stiffen in his underwear. He saw Stan glance down in that direction, just as the cock throbbed. He flushed a bright pink. Stan said, "Maybe we ought to be gettin' back."

When they stepped back into the dark crew's quarters, they stood side by side, letting their eyes adjust. As they began walking in the direction of their bunks, the ship rolled heavily to port, throwing an unbalanced Dean off into space. Stan grabbed him to keep the inexperienced sailor from flying headlong into a steel bulkhead. Suddenly, Dean found himself wrapped in Stan's arms, with their two near naked bodies pulled tight against one another. "You okay, Mate?" Stan asked. Dean felt his cock surge to rock hardness as it pushed up against the pouch of Stan's underwear crotch. "Geez. . .I. . .I. . .I'm sorry I'm so clumsy, Stan. . .ah. . .I guess I ain't got very good sea legs yet," Dean stuttered, as he started to push his body away from Stan's so the man wouldn't feel his burgeoning hard-on.

"Oh, they'll come before you know it, Mate," Stan said, and Dean felt the man give him a quick little squeeze before he released his hold.

Kemper climbed into his bunk, and lay with his hard cock pressed between his belly and the mattress. It was hours before he finally fell asleep, only to wake up to the 6:00 a.m. alarm with underwear full of cum. He was disappointed when he looked over and saw Stan's bunk empty and neatly made up.

Dean didn't see Stan all that next day, and it was after lights out before he felt the man climbing into the bunk next to his. He didn't speak to Stan, but lay naked on his back with his hard cock pointed skyward. It was after 2:00 a.m. before he finally fell asleep.

He was awakened abruptly when he felt something heavy drop across his right thigh. He reached down and began to tremble when he felt Stan's muscular leg. Shifting in his sleep, the man apparently had thrown his leg up, only to have it come down across Dean's body. Kemper turned in Stan's direction and whispered, "Stan! Stan! Are you awake?" There was no response. Dean's cock was unbelievably hard, but before he could reach down to play with it, Stan's leg lifted again. When it dropped the second time, it came to rest directly on top of Dean's throbbing tool.

The young sailor thought he was going to go out of his mind. He wanted the man so desperately, but he knew he had to move Stan's leg before the man woke up. Dean put a hand on either side of Stan's knee and started to lift the leg. As he did so, Stan jerked his leg into the air again, throwing Dean's right hand into space. Just as Stan's knee plopped back down on top of Dean's rock-hard cock, the young sailor's hand dropped squarely onto the bulging mound of Stan's underwear-covered crotch. Dean held his breath. He was about to pull his hand away, when his fingers felt Stan's cock jerk slightly beneath the underwear. His hand became glued to the spot. He carefully moved his hand over the massive mound and his fingers found the fly opening. Gently, Dean moved his hand inside the briefs, until his hand was lying on top of the warm, soft, massive cock. He could feel the cock begin to harden. Very slowly, he began pulling the monster out into the open. He held it upright as he felt it growing to startling proportions. Soon his fingers could not reach his thumb as he fisted the huge whang. Every fiber in Dean's body trembled as he realized, at long last, he was finally holding another man's hard cock in his hand. He began sliding his hand from the base up to the head, very slowly. He didn't think he'd ever reach the end. Dean had always been proud of his own eight and a half inches, but he knew that his tool was dwarfed by the one he was now jacking off.

Dean moved his hand and cupped Stan's underwear-clad balls. They were huge and hard. Stan groaned and shifted slightly on his bunk. Dean's heart nearly stopped beating as he lay there on the verge of panic. He was so frightened over the possibility of waking Stan, yet he couldn't have let go of that big cock if his life had depended on it.

Dean stroked the giant cock and massaged those huge balls as though they were the world's most precious jewels. When he'd rub his fingers behind the sensitive head, the cock would throb in his hand. It thrilled Dean. He used his thumb to spread the mass of pre-seminal fluid oozing from the slit, over the cock-head. Soon the whole dick was slick and slippery. He jacked Stan for quite some time, and then felt the cock begin to pulsate and grow to even greater proportions. He felt the man's balls shift upwards and the cock become as hard as a bar of steel. When the first ejaculatory spasm hit, Dean's fingers could actually feel the sperm shoot up the stem of the cock before it rocketed out into space. An instant later, he felt the first splat of hot cum land on his shoulder. The second hit his bicep and a third coated his elbow. The rest of Stan's juices belched out into the darkness, most of it dropping back down to cover Dean's hand and Stan's cock.

When it was over, Stan shifted his body, and Dean quickly pulled his hand away. Stan's leg was still lying across Dean's own spurting cock. Suddenly, Stan shifted again and Dean felt the man's arm as it was thrown across the bunk. It landed with a thud across the young sailor's chest. Dean was so scared that he was rasping for breath. He raised his hand to his mouth to smother the sounds he was making. The warm sperm on his hand touched his lips. He stuck out his tongue and tasted it. Then he began licking it off. He was obsessed by the thought of eating the seed of his first male sex partner, even though he thought Stan had slept through the entire affair.

When the morning alarm sounded, Dean was a nervous wreck. He was actually relieved to find Stan already gone. He didn't see Stan again that day and was glad, because he didn't know how to react to a man whom he'd jacked off the night before while the man slept.

Stan was not in his bunk when lights were turned out, and Dean was a bundle of raw nerves. He slept fitfully. During the night he awoke and looked at his digital. It was almost 3:00 a.m. He decided to jack off. He'd just grabbed his dick when he felt Stan shift in the bunk next to his. The man's arm bumped into Stan's shoulder.

Dean lay there for a long time and then slowly shifted his hand over towards Stan's body. When he touched it, he discovered it was not Stan's arm he felt, but his leg. The man was lying in the opposite direction from the way he had lain the night before. Dean's thoughts went wild. He wondered why the man had shifted positions; he wondered whether Stan suspected something; he wondered all kinds of hypothetical questions. But his mind wondering about events past didn't prevent his hand from wandering towards events to be. Slowly he moved his fingers up along Stan's hairy thigh, heading in the direction of his crotch. Dean thought his heart was going to burst right through his chest when his fingers bumped into Stan's balls and he realized the man was lying there stark naked. He moved his shaking hand upwards until he found Stan's cock. It was resting against his belly and it was bone hard. He wrapped his fingers around the shaft and felt it pulsate in his fist.

A groan and a sudden shifting of Stan on his bunk caused Dean to jerk his hand away. He held his breath as he felt the man thrash around on the bunk next to his, and then settle down again. Dean's head, heart, and cock throbbed as he lay motion-

less for a long time. Finally he worked up nerve to move his hand to Stan's body again. The man was on his side, and facing Dean's bunk. Stan's cock jutted out over the bunk and was touching Dean's arm. Kemper rolled so he faced the other sailor. He scooted down on the bunk until Stan's cock was level with his chin. He reached his other hand up and wrapped it around that massive cock. There was much still jutting beyond the two fistfulls. The steady roll of the ship set up a regular masturbatory rhythm, which worked in conjunction with the one Dean was using with both hands. Dean could smell the soapy fragrance and the male musk emanating from Stan's crotch. It acted like an aphrodisiac. He moved his face closer until he felt his lips brush against the end of the huge cockhead. Dean flicked his tongue out and tasted the pre-cum oozing from the slit. He knew he was hooked.

He opened his mouth and pushed his lips forward until the entire flaring corona filled his mouth. He began running his tongue around the head. The cock jumped in his mouth. As the ship rolled to starboard, more of the gigantic love muscle slid into Dean's sucking mouth, until the end began pushing against the opening of his young virgin throat. He started to gag and quickly pulled his head back. He leaned forward again until he was able to suck on about five or six inches of that enormous prick. The creaking and groaning of the ship's hull in the heavy seas drowned out the slurping noises the virgin cocksucker was making. He didn't hear the moans of pleasure coming from Stan.

Dean continued his valiant effort to take more of the massive cock into his mouth and throat. Tears began to well in his eyes as he desperately tried to force more of that tangerine-size cockhead into his gullet. Each time he pushed forward, he would manage a pubic hair's length more into his mouth. As he pushed forward, he would open his mouth wide and push harder. Tears rolled steadily down his cheeks. On one attempt, the ship rolled, and Dean found Stan's cock suddenly plunging past the throat opening, and slipping full length into his gullet. His nose mashed into Stan's big, hair-covered balls. He'd done it. He pulled his face back and lunged forward. Each time he swallowed the huge cock, it became easier. He was even able to work a breathing pattern through his nose. He continued to suck, and then felt his own cock shooting off, somewhere in the direction of Stan's chest. Ramming the dick deep into his throat once more, his throat swallowed around the massive shaft. He felt the cock in his throat swell to impossible proportions, extend even deeper into his gullet and jerk, as Stan's balls vomited their load out through that huge cock shaft and straight down into Dean's belly. He sucked and lapped on that cock until he was sure that he had every single drop. He then flopped back onto his bunk, breathing heavily. With Stan's cock still lying against his cheek, the young crewman dropped off into a deep sleep.

When the morning alarm sounded and the lights came on, all of Dean's nocturnal aggressiveness dissipated. Paranoid, he looked over at Stan's bunk. He almost cried over his thankfulness that the man was gone. Dean didn't venture out of the radio room at all that day, except when he finished working and went down to evening chow.

As he stood in line, he almost dropped his tray when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned. It was Stan. "Well, hi, Mate! How's that stomach of yours doin'?" Stan asked.

Dean responded with a "F. . . f. . . fine, St. . . St. . . Stan" stammer.

"Well, let's find a place and sit down. I haven't had a chance to talk to you at all," Stan said, acting as though the two had been buddies for years. He apologized to Dean for not being able to spend more time with him, and explained that he'd been working a double shift because two of the wheelhouse crew were in sick bay with some kind of flu bug. Dean then realized why Stan was gone in the morning and didn't arrive at his bunk until after lights out. If Stan was aware of any of the goings-on at night, he did not let on to Dean at all. The young sailor relaxed more than he had in three days. He was completely under the spell of his fellow crew member. Dean silently vowed never to touch Stan's body again, for fear of losing the obviously sincere friendship which he seemed to be offering.

When Stan crawled into his bunk after hours that night, Dean lay facing the man, hoping to be able to make out at least a silhouette. Dean could see nothing, but he was determined to keep his vow and not touch the man sexually again.

With his heart pounding in his chest, and his cock pounding against his belly, Dean lay wide awake, feeling every bounce and roll of the ship as the ocean water seemed to be getting rougher again. He had gotten used to the pounding of the ship's engines, and the pills kept his stomach from reacting to the rolling motion.

He was playing with his cock, and as the storm outside increased, he took his right hand and wrapped it around the tubing on his bunk while he jerked his cock with his left. He still lay facing Stan's bunk.

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While he lay jacking off and trembling in erotic frustration, the ship's bow caught a wave well off center. The freighter bounced and began rolling heavily to starboard.

Dean grabbed the frame of his bed tighter, for fear of being thrown from his bunk to the aisle below. Further and further the ship rolled, until Dean thought the damned freighter was actually going to capsize.

Suddenly Stan's body rolled from his own bunk and came plowing into Dean's naked body. Stan snorted, mumbled something unintelligible, heaved a great sigh, and as the ship began to right itself, he snuggled his naked ass and back against Dean's crotch and belly. Dean thought he had died and gone to heaven, and any vow he'd made not to touch the man's body again was washed away with the crest of that last wave.

Dean's right arm was pinned under Stan, and as he released his grip on the bed frame, he moved his palm up flat against the man's hairy chest. His own cock was forced painfully downwards, and was wedged between Stan's legs. The end was pushing against the other sailor's nuts.

The ship rolled back to portside, pulling Stan's body slightly away from Dean's. The young sailor reached down to move his cock to a more comfortable position against his belly. As he slid his fingers between their bodies, his hand collided with Stan's own. Dean was petrified. He remained motionless as he felt Stan's hand wrap around his cock. The young sailor was dizzy with fear and excitement as Stan began to stroke his cock back and forth in his fist. The man then raised his left leg and directed Dean's cockhead between the sweaty cheeks of his ass. Sliding his hand back to the base of the young sailor's big dick, Stan held it in place against his hairy ass pucker, and then pushed his body backwards.

Completely rattled, Dean sucked air through his clenched teeth, as he felt the end of his rock-hard erection push through the outer sphincters of Stan's ass and begin to slide deep inside the hot, clinching asshole. Dean heard a long gurgling sound issue from Stan as the young sailor's big cock slid to the balls in Stan's rectal channel. Dean's body shook as though he were suffering delirium tremens from the excruciating sexual excitement he felt, knowing he was fucking that gorgeous stud in the next bunk. Dean nearly passed out from pleasure as Stan ground his ass hard into the boy's crotch.

With his left hand, Stan reached back and took hold of Dean's and brought it around his body and placed it on his own gigantic cock. He then reached up and intertwined his right hand with the one Dean had pressed against Stan's chest.

The former virgin needed no further encouragement or lessons to begin a thrusting fuck stroke, which synchronized with Stan's counterpoint shoves backwards. Both men's moans of pleasure were swallowed up by the louder groans of the straining freighter. The ship plowed through the rough waters as Dean plowed deep into Stan.

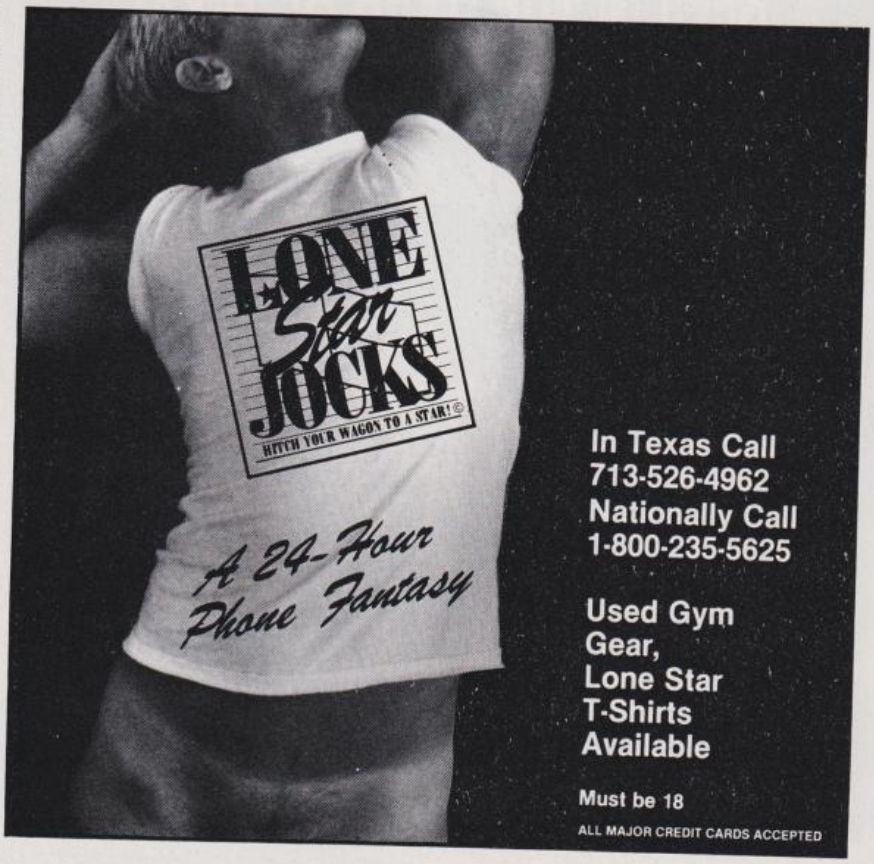
Dean fucked and jacked Stan's cock, until he brought the man to a gut-wrenching climax. Globs of white ropey sperm belched from the sailor's huge cock and spurted out into the darkness. The clutching rectal muscles, spasming from the ejaculation, brought Dean's cock to the point of no return. He grunted as he buried his cock deep into the man's bowels and flushed them with his massive load.

Connected cock to ass, the two men clung to one another for long minutes, until their breathing resumed some semblance of normalcy. Dean began to tremble again with uncertainty, now that the sexual bout was over. Stan slowly pulled his ass off the young man's still hard prick. He twisted around and forced Dean onto his back. He then crawled on top of the younger sailor. He sought out Dean's mouth in the darkness and pushed his own over it. His tongue forced it's way between the younger man's lips. It was a long and passionate kiss, Dean's first. When he pulled his mouth away, Stan whispered, "Dean?" It was the first time he'd ever called the boy anything but Mate. "Can I ask you to do me a very special favor?"

Dean began to tremble again with the fear of the unknown. He thought Stan was about to end their sexual encounters and perhaps their budding friendship. He stammered, "Wh. . .what favor, Stan?"

Dean felt the man kiss him again, and then, leaning next to Dean's ear, he said, "You're a very hot, desirable stud, Dean, but you know I'm working a double shift. Trying to do that, and then waiting until two or three in the morning before anything starts happenin', is wearing me to a frazzle. In order for us both to get the sleep we really need, would it be okay with you if we start fuckin' and suckin' a little earlier? I have a hunch that we'll both enjoy it more." Stan reached down and started playing with Dean's cock.

Dean was so relieved with what he was hearing that he clutched the huge man tight against his body and gasped in Stan's ear, "Oh God, yes, anything you want, Stan." The young sailor pushed his mouth hard against the other man's lips and sucked on the invading tongue as he felt Stan's hand push down under his balls and slide into the crack of his ass. A long, fat finger begin to push gently into the pucker of Dean's virgin ass. ■



BREAKING IN A HUSTLER

Continued from page 40

ahead of time to do that. You see, you really are in charge of things. But once you arrive, it's essential that you play the part you've accepted. That way the client has the *illusion* that *he's* in charge. That is, unless he asks you to do something you don't want to do. Then you walk out." I laughed lightly at this. Still no smile from Tito.

"But how do you get paid if you walk out?" "You usually settle that as soon as you walk in, either by saying something offhandedly about cab fare, or if he doesn't take the hint, you can just get right to the point. After that, you slip into whatever story he wants to play out. You play your part well, never leaving character until it's all over and he's satisfied. Then it's customary that he slip you a tip on the way out, something that you won't have to give the agency, sort of a personal tie between you and him. . .your little secret."

Tito was dumbfounded. "It all sounds so. . .so civilized, so easy," he whispered, "and so safe. No worry about disease." Or robbery, I think to myself, glancing about my living room. "Yes," I said, draining my third brandy and refilling it, "and you can even put it on your MasterCard, and take the hiring of an escort off your taxes. Very civilized. Indeed."

Tito fell back into his chair. He slid his crotch forward a bit and spread his thick thighs. "Unbelievable. How much money dey usually *get*?" I was waiting for this one. "Oh, anywhere from a hundred dollars an hour for simple things, on up to whatever the client is able to pay for whatever the escort is willing to do." He sat bolt upright. "What! You can't be tellin' de trut'!" "Of course I am. If you're being asked to do something you don't really enjoy, you should be paid for it."

He grinned at my reminder that some escorts were "straight." "Oh, yeah. . .I forgot dat," he said softly, nestling his coconut-sized shoulders in the soft cushion. He sipped his brandy, occasionally staring at me, but he didn't speak until he had regained his previous self-

Continued to page 69

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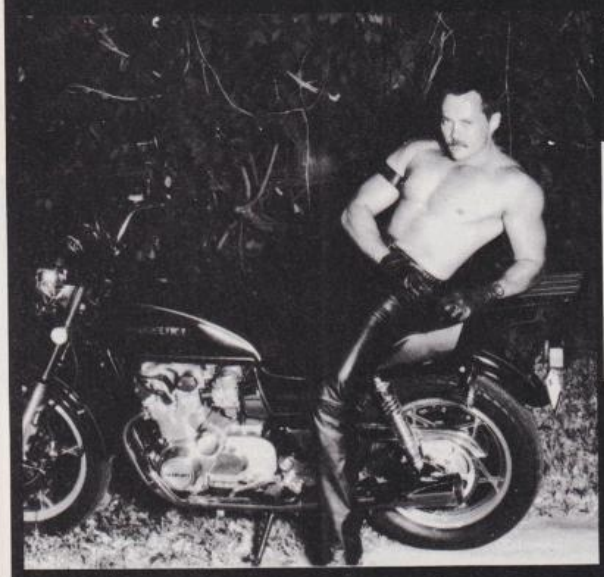

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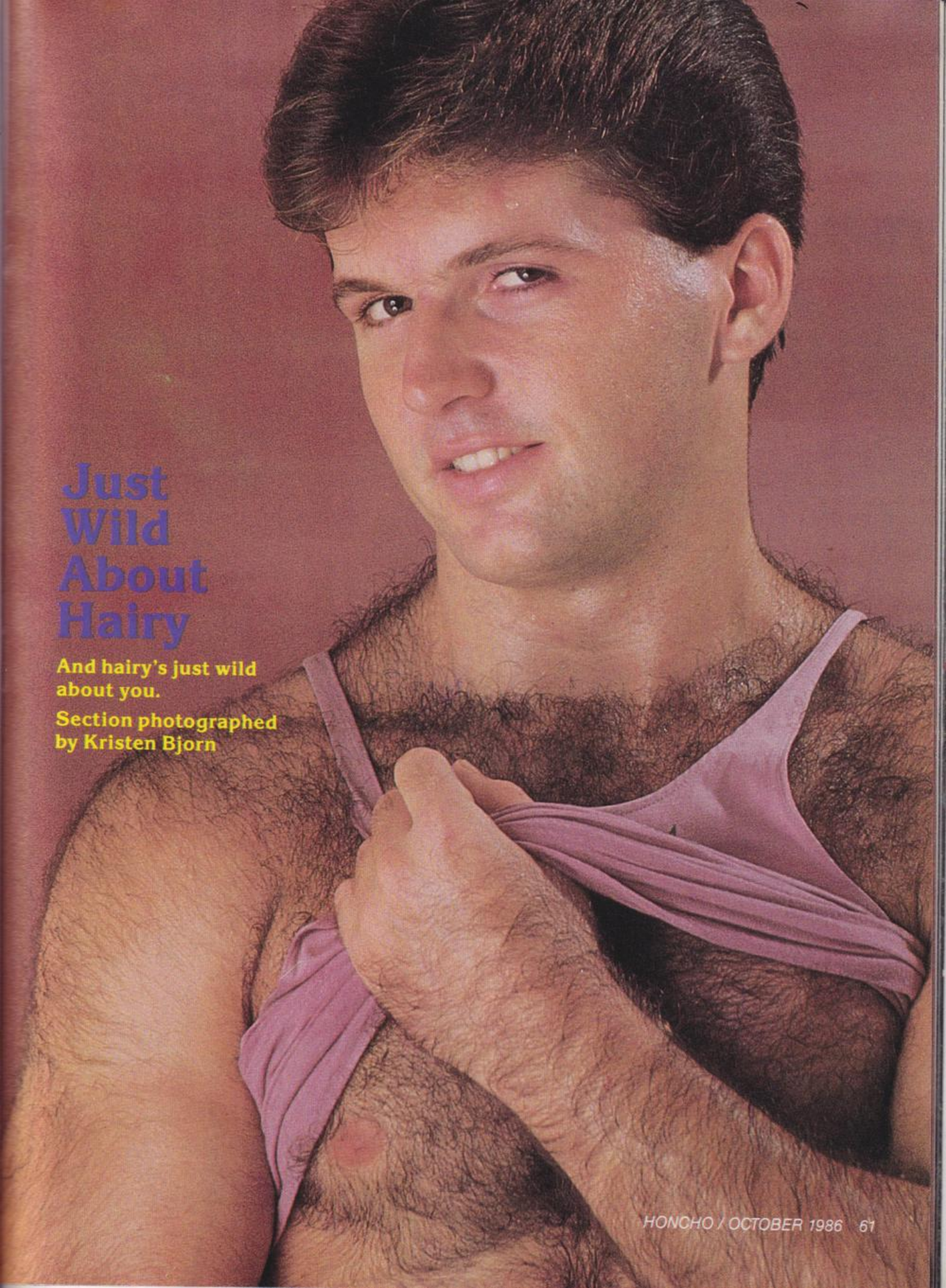
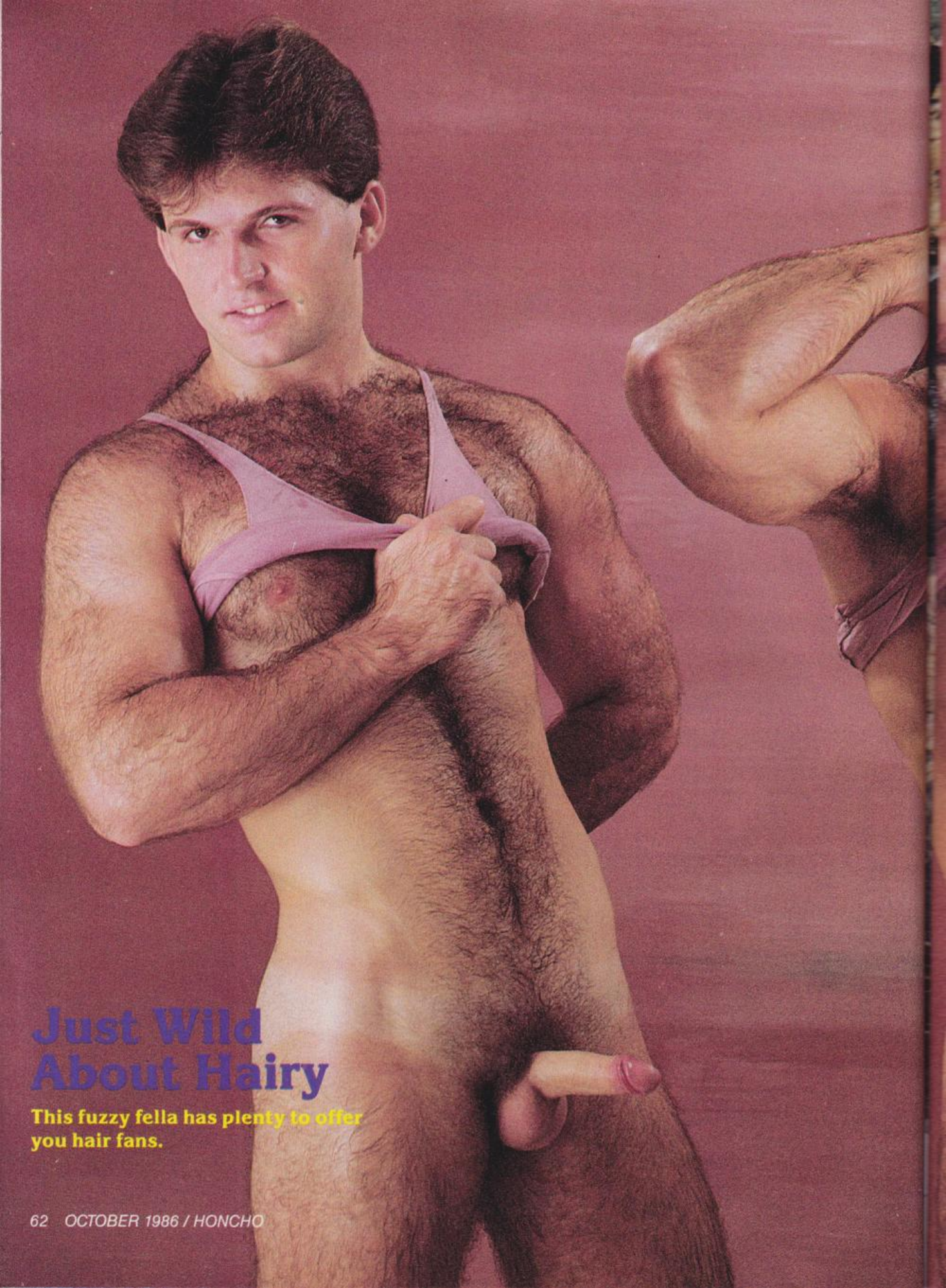


Just Wild About Hairy

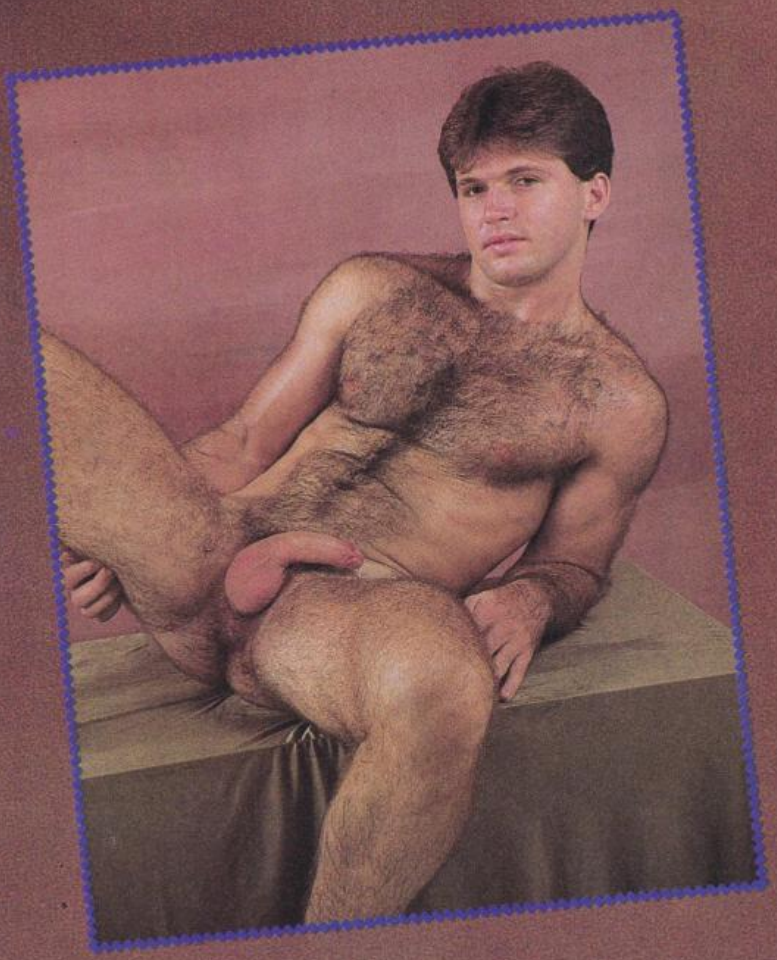
And hairy's just wild about you.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



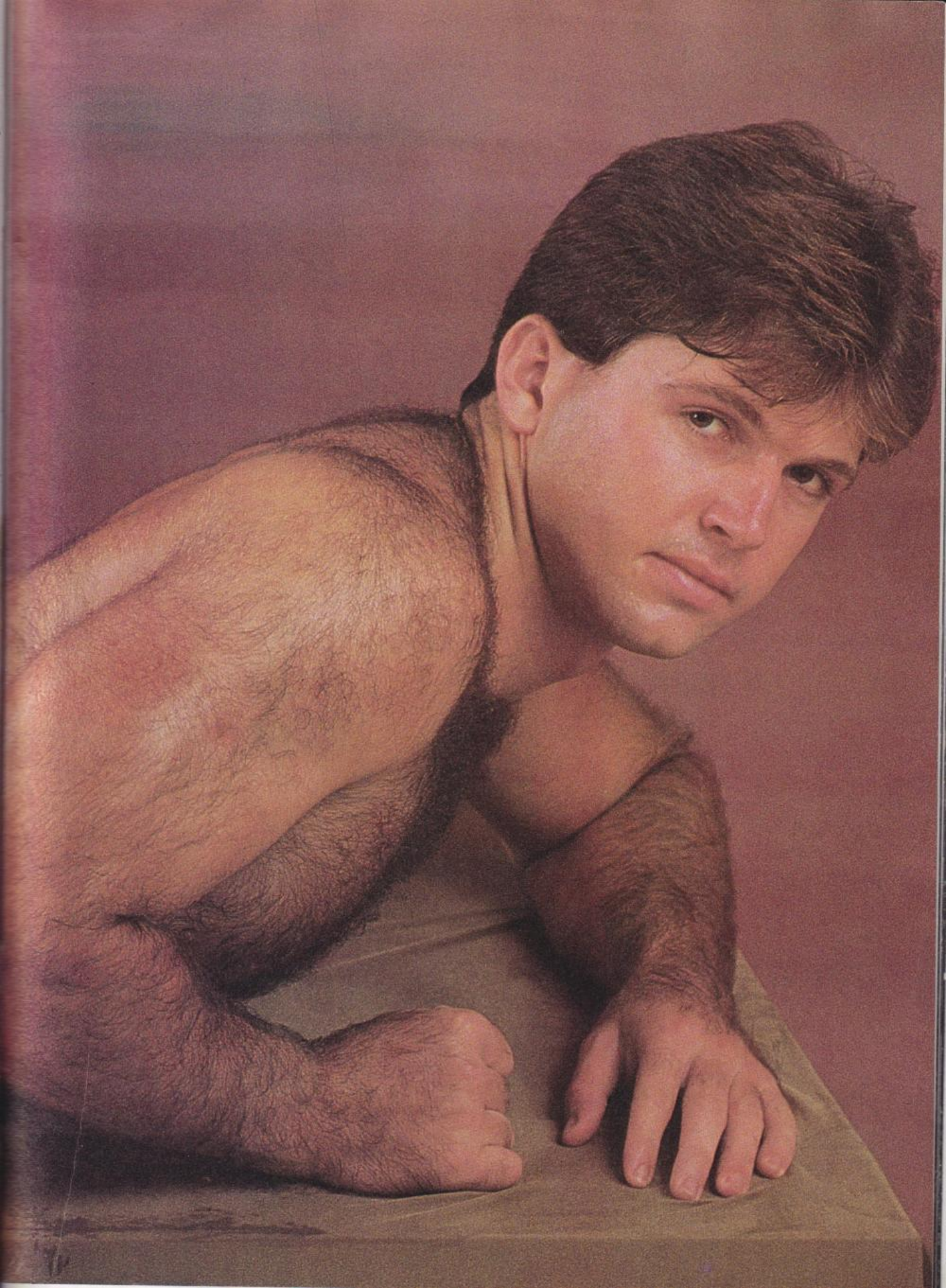
Just Wild About Hairy

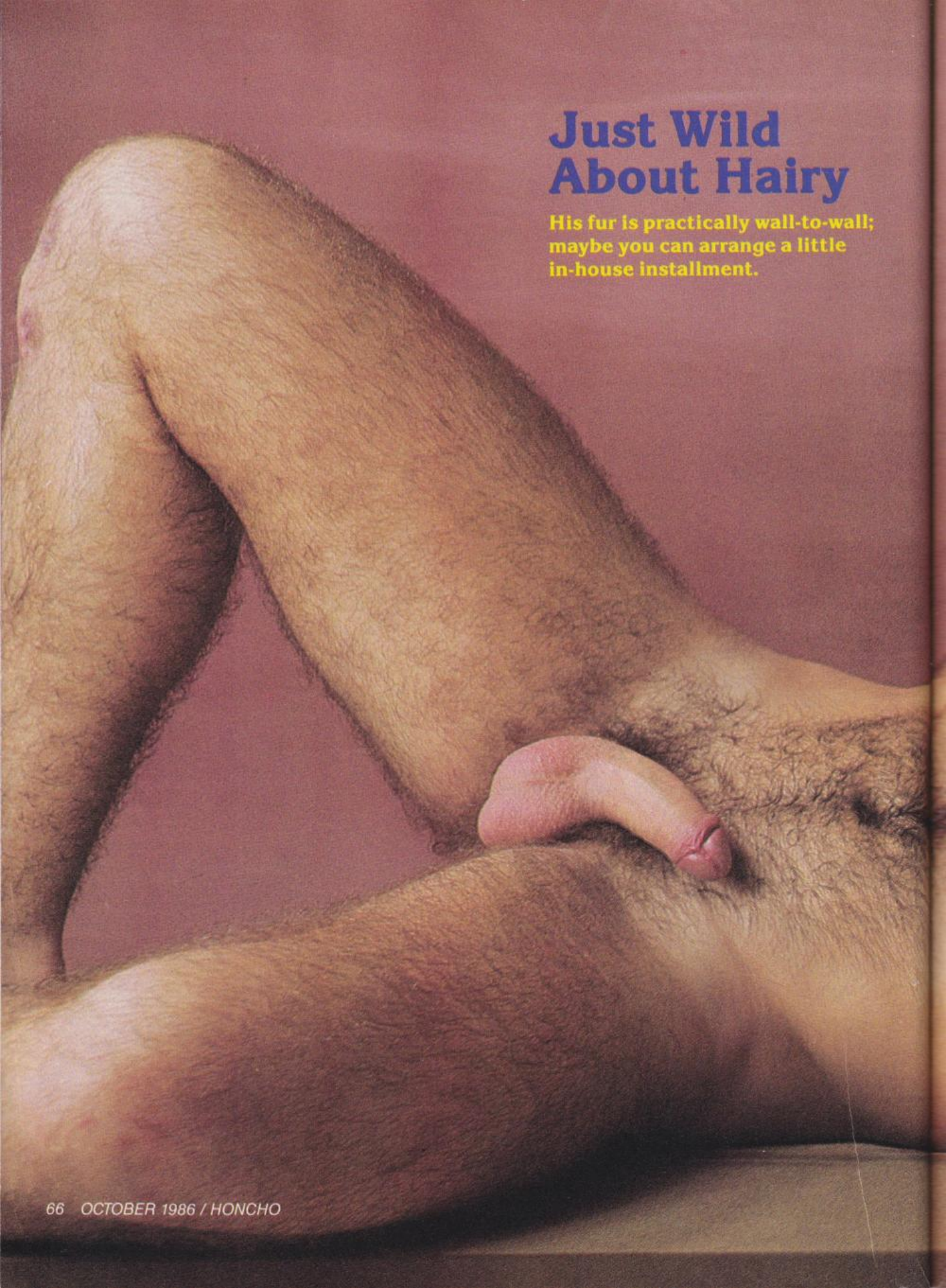
This fuzzy fella has plenty to offer you hair fans.



Just Wild About Hairy

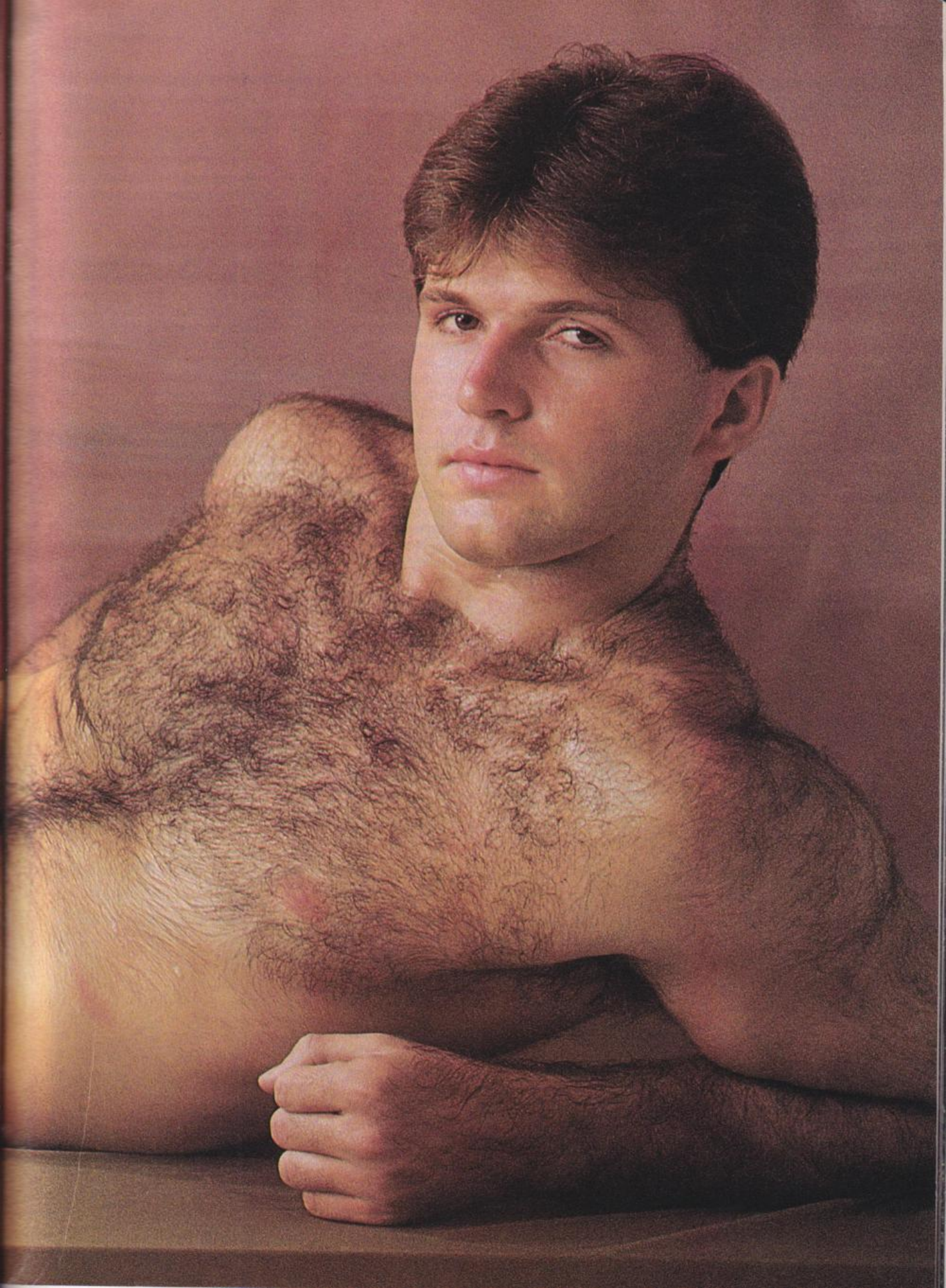
From head to toe and from front to back you'll find plenty of places to nuzzle.





Just Wild About Hairy

His fur is practically wall-to-wall; maybe you can arrange a little in-house installment.



VICE DICKS IN A VAN

Continued from page 28

apprehending the courier and two of the City's top coke dealers. They also found nearly seven pounds of cocaine in the opened package.

"Great work!" Niles told the two patrolmen. "You guys have performed over and above the call of duty. I'd sure hate spending four days cooped up like that—with either one of you."

"Oh, it wasn't so tough," Kent allowed, then turned directly to his partner. "Frank here isn't bad company, once he loosens up with you."

Frank flashed a dazzling smile and winked. ■

JAIL HOUSE PICKUP

Continued from page 36

full-length on top of me and slid his huge cock up and down the crack of my ass. I reached into the headboard and extracted a tube of lubricant, uncapped it, handed it to him. From behind and above me, I heard him greasing up.

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His gigantic, goop-covered dickhead probed my crack. I arched my lower back and pulled my ass cheeks apart. He lined himself up with my hole. As the biggest prick I'd ever seen began to slide into my ass, its owner bent forward to nibble and blow into my ear.

My desire for the fuck helped me relax my ass enough to accommodate that horsecock of his. Once his balls were lying on top of my own, he held still for a moment to give my body a chance to adjust.

He started out easy, but soon I felt like a trampoline—and I was thrilled by every bounce. His cock was so huge that no matter from what angle he fucked me, his downstrokes never missed my prostate. Cum oozed from my groin as he ground me into the sheets. Suddenly, deep inside me, he ballooned to an even greater thickness. Bullets of cum shot against my prostate. There was nowhere for it to go except out. It seeped around the edge of his dick and dribbled over my balls. When he finally stopped coming and lay panting on top of me, I was ready for some shuteye. But his cock remained rock-hard, and a few minutes after he emptied his nuts, he began fucking me a second time.

Not missing a stroke, he pulled me up on my knees, reared back on his haunches, reached around me, and started jacking me off. Somehow he managed to twist us around so that I was lying crossways on his body with his dick buried in my ass. Then he raised himself into a sitting position, leaned forward, and craned his neck to suck my cock. The triple thrill of being sucked off by the same guy who was fucking me as I watched his handsome face move up and down my cock brought me quickly to climax number two. I fired my load into his mouth, and that triggered his second discharge, which again filled my ass to the brim and beyond.

This time, as soon as he finished I leapt off the bed and ran for the toilet to spew his double load out of my bowels. Then I jumped into the shower. It wasn't long before the glass door swung open and Stud stepped in beside me.

When we had dried off, I led him back into the bedroom. We collapsed side by side on the bed and pushed snugly against each other. I pecked him on the cheek and then looked deep into those sparkling eyes. "You are one beautiful man, my friend."

"So are you, my comrade."

For the next couple of hours, my previously mute fuck-of-a-lifetime talked nonstop. A Russian sailor, he had come to the United States by way of the St. Lawrence Seaway on a freighter. A few hours after loading up with grain and pulling out of the Milwaukee harbor, the ship's captain had received word that my bedmate's brother had defected from the USSR, by flying his MIG into neutral Swedish territory. Stud (real name, Petrov Vadim Randikov) was arrested aboard ship, beaten, and locked up—because of his brother's "crime." Two of his shipmates, with whom Petrov had been sexually intimate during the long months at sea, reported him for making sexual advances. He was beaten again, and when he would not confess to his crimes, he was beaten yet again, to unconsciousness. After that, they simply threw him overboard, assuming he would drown.

Fortunately, the cold water revived him, and with all his remaining strength, he swam towards the red light atop a marker buoy bobbing in the distant shallows. Petrov clung to the buoy until the sky became light enough for him to see the shoreline, about a mile away. After he reached land, because he was without clothes he hid in the woods, where he remained for two days. He was searching for something with which to cover himself when my brother-in-law discovered him. He knew his accent would give him away, so he decided to remain totally silent.

"Do you sink you might help me to stay in Hamerica?"

"Of course. And I'd say with my help your chances for asylum are quite good. I have two uncles who are senators, a cousin who works for the United Nations, and my oldest brother is an advisor for the President."

"Daht is wonerful news, but I will need find job. I hard worker, not a lazy man. I work on farm before I am sailor."

"Finding you work will be no problem at all. I have a 15-acre island that needs looking after." I reached down and stroked my cock and his at the same time. "And I have other needs as well."

Petrov smiled back at me and placed his hands over mine. "Ziz is not work."

"You're right. But we do have work to do. We've got to make plans."

"We make plan after you fuck me again, yes?"

"You're the guest."

As he lay on his back and raised his legs to receive my stiffening cock, his own cock stood up like the Washington Monument. "You sink I am good enough man to become upstanding Hamerican?"

I reached down and encircled his monument with my hand. "I'd say with this you are well on your way to becoming the most upstanding American I know, Comrade Petrov."

"Call me Peter."

"Gladly." Before stabbing into his ass, I wrapped my lips around his namesake and sucked it down my throat. "Peter" would do nicely.

And, believe me, he has. ■

BREAKING IN A HUSTLER

Continued from page 60

assured demeanor. "You said you don' pay for it. But you know a lot about it—hustlin', dat is." It was the first time either of us had used that word. I had purposely avoided it.

"Like I said, friends of mine use escorts all the time, and the owner of one of the escort services is an acquaintance. Sometimes I invite her over for—"Her?" he interrupted. "A woman does dat? Runs a service for fuckin'?" "You've heard of madames, haven't you?" I asked calmly. "Oh, right, right," he chuckled, slapping his forehead. "Anyway," I continued, "I invite her to dinner parties and she regales me and my other guests with wonderful stories about her clients' exotic tastes." He knotted his brow when he heard this, so I reassured him with, "I never know the real people involved. Just how wonderfully her escorts service her clients' needs."

He sat staring at me again. I wondered how long it would be before the inevitable question. More chatter. More brandy. Finally: "Do you think I look good enough to do it? I mean, if I dint hafta have much real sex?" I tried not to let my smugness show. "Sure. The kind of looks you have appeal more to men than women anyway. You're a man's man—big, hairy-chested, straight—and yet you're warm, bright, easygoing." I laid it on thick; his grin widened with each adjective. "Yeah, guys do cruise me a lot. More dan chicks. Funny, I never thought about it like you jus' said . . .a man's man." He was beaming now.

"What would it take? Would I have to go to a place where dey hire studs, or what? I think I'd be a little shy to do dat." I paused, thought for a second, then answered, "Well, you could do it privately, through friends of friends, on recommendation so they'd trust you not to rob them or beat them up." I chuckled a bit. He was getting more and more at ease with the idea—more than merely at ease. "What you think they'd ask me to do? You know me. What would they want?" He leaned back. The bulge down the leg of his painted-on jeans was lengthening. "Well, what do you look like? Any scars or anything?"

The challenge had him on his feet in a second. "Hell, no," he laughed. "I got no scars, no tattoos, none of dat shit." He pulled his shirt off. Sunlight reflected off his flawless, rippled, tawny skin. In a flash, he had his jeans off. Hands on hips, he turned to display himself. Finally, I thought to myself, the whole package. I looked up. Curls of silky black fringe framed his square-cut tits. His nipples, almost lost in the forest of fur, were flat circles of tight brown skin. Hair flowed down the center of his body like an inky waterfall, running over the hard ripples of his abdomen. His navel—a hard pink "outie"—poked out like a fleshy doorknob. Thick furry thighs and calves supported his massive trunk. His legs were a bit short for his body, but that made his torso look all the larger.

He turned slowly in the solar spotlight until his big man's butt was facing me. A fuzzy black fringe nestled at the base of his spine and snaked between his clenched ass cheeks—round, white, muscular melons. The deeply etched spine was bordered by thick ridges of muscle. Tito was truly flawless. His pivot completed, he faced me again, the moist pink tip of his cockhead slithering out from under a thick, dark foreskin. As I gazed up into his face, I saw that his eyes were right on mine. He grinned. "See?" he beamed. "No scars,

Continued to page 75

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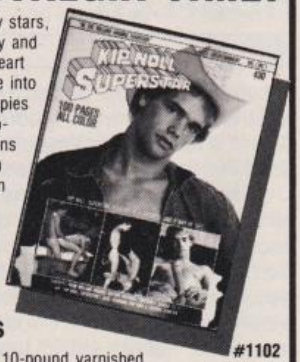

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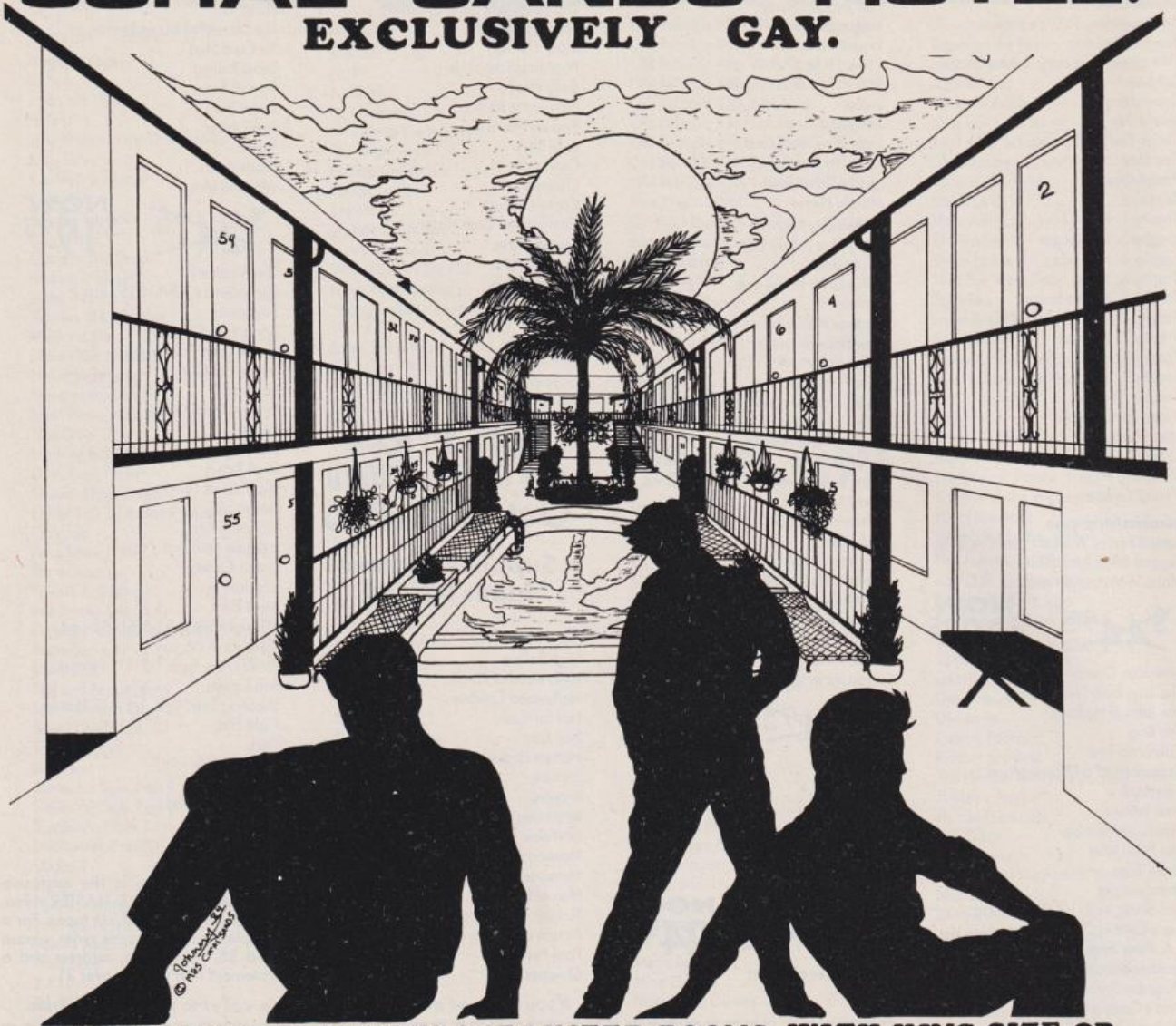

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BREAKING IN A HUSTLER

Continued from page 69

not even on my cock, no cut on dat, either." He sat down, still grinning, still naked.

As he reached forward for his brandy, a tiny pearl of man juice formed on the rim of his piss slit. He seemed not to notice. "Considering how straight . . .and how big you are, I'd say most guys would want to eat that fat cock of yours." "Yeah? It gets bigger." He flapped it a bit, shaking the oyster from the tip and letting his meat flop down over his donkey balls. As he sipped his drink, looking straight at me, his cock began to grow. "What else would dey want?" he asked. "That ass of yours looks just right for eating," I whispered. "Is that safe?" "It is if you're not getting fucked in there. I'd be the one in danger of catching something. You can't get anything from my tongue." "Oh, yeah. That makes sense." He grinned. "What else?"

The purple plum of his cockhead was fully visible now. His thick, nine-inch fuck pole twitched ever so slightly and turned a bit as it grew and throbbed. I realized I'd given myself away by saying "I" was in danger in my last remark. He made no mention of it.

"Well, they might want you to wear unusual clothes, or do a scene somewhere that you don't usually think of for sex. All kinds of things. Imagination has no limits—only what you're not willing to do will limit it." I deliberately stammered and looked away every now and then, as if his hard-on made me nervous. It's wise to let a straight man think he has the edge. "I don't really know what I'm willing to do, since I never done anything. Can you show me some stuff? I mean, I would even give you part of de money, y'know?" He was one jump ahead of me. I was startled. And delighted.

I had him put all of his clothes back on, including his jacket. I told him that we'd practice a typical scene. I sent him out into the hallway, told him to wait a few minutes, then ring my doorbell, and not to say a word once he was back inside. When I let him in, he walked right to my bedroom. He stood with hands in his back pockets, staring at me, grinning slightly. "No smile," I instructed. He wiped it away instantly, like a pro. What a natural!

I walked over to him, stripped off my clothes, and let my hard-on graze his fly. Then I knelt to the floor and rested my balls on his black leather boots. The chill of the leather made my dick throb. My asshole splayed over the toe of his shiny boot. I pressed my face to his groin and smelled the night on him, the sweat, and the ripe man-funk in his fly. I wrapped my arms around his legs and felt the muscles tense as I hugged him. I raised hands to his hard butt and pressed his crotch into my face. The cold brass buttons on his fly contrasted sharply with the heat pouring out of his loins. I opened the buttons with my teeth; Tito moaned his approval. My tongue wormed into the smelly fly and licked his shaft.

As my wet tongue slinked through the dense man-mane around his cockroot, I continued kneading his butt. I chewed one more button and out plopped his spongy horsemeat, his slimy foreskin dripping wet. He put his hands on my head and pulled me into his balls. I sucked them into my mouth at once, then pulled back on the sac and sucked hard. He hissed and sighed and ground his hard-hat's thighs around my face. I licked the underside of his hog and swallowed it in one gulp. He gasped. I'm sure no *woman* had ever done that to his sausage, not in one stroke!

I lathered his slab until it was soaked with my spit and his pre-cum. Then I turned him around, pulled his jeans to his knees, and told him to touch his toes. I dove into that sweaty hair-pie of his anus sniffed his shit-chute. He sighed and wriggled his hips back at me, spreading his cheeks for my tongue to enter. His raging red pucker winked at me as I slid my curled tongue inside. He hummed with pleasure and pushed back against my head. I sucked, licked, chewed, poked my nose in it, ran my chin over it, until his sphincter was blazing with anticipation. He loved it! Then, with sudden coolness, I told him it was time for another scene.

In the living room, over smiles and brandies, I outlined the scenario. He went back to the bedroom acting like a big boy eager to please his daddy. I stripped completely, sipped some more, then waited a few moments for him to ready himself. The sounds of slapping meat let me know when he was ready for his next lesson. I peeked through the crack between the door and the jamb and watched him run his hands up and down his bloated horn. The foreskin slid over the top of his slit, dripping grease and pre-cum; then he drew back the hood and his plump helmet reappeared, swelling in the cool air. His balls hugged the bottom of his fist.

He slid his finger into his asshole, then pulled it out and raised it to his nose. He sniffed and licked it. When he "spied" me peeking at him, he leapt up. "What da fuck you doin' dere?" he hissed, grabbing my waving hard-on and dragging me into the room. He threw me into the sweat-soaked sheets and held my wrists under his knees. "Now you gonna get it, brother!" He spat at me, then poised his pylon at my mouth and growled, "Suck dat fatcheesy cock, you pig!" With that he started fucking my mouth. His smelly, wet meat went down to the back of my throat, and I gagged. He pulled away, thinking he'd hurt me. I assured him he hadn't and told him to get back into character. "Only stop if they *tell* you to stop."

He began again, and this time the gagging turned him on. His balls flopped under my chin as he plunged in and out of my gullet. I was hotter and wetter and hungrier than any pussy he'd ever fucked. I devoured every inch of that Latin log. His black, sweat-soaked cock hairs pounded into my nose; mile after mile of thick cock went down my throat. He grabbed my face hard and held me in place as he plowed away.

I could feel his heartbeat getting faster as I tore at his pecs. I didn't want him to come yet, so I stopped him again. We separated, dried off with towels, and over a bit more brandy, we planned our next "typical" scene that "someone" might ask him to play. We were both under the spell of our little illusion. He went to the bedroom again, this time taking a pair of gym shorts I left for him. I waited another few minutes, then followed my hard-on to the bedroom. He was lying on his stomach, "asleep," his hard-on poking back under the leg of the shorts. We were ready to begin again.

I slid my tongue under his balls, over his foreskin, gently and ever so slowly so as not to "waken" him. I nestled between his hard furry thighs and licked slowly inside the leg of the boxer shorts. A tiny rivulet of piss and manjuice dribbled onto my lips. He turned slowly in his "sleep," rolled onto his back, dreamily rubbing his big hard dick. I waited a moment, then started to lick inside the shorts leg again, clutching the satchel of plums buried in the other leg of his shorts. He sighed and moaned, as if from pleasant dreams. Carefully, I slid the shorts off him and sat back, smelling them, rubbing the inner lining into my face.

I leaned forward and licked his cock until it was soaked and straining with cum and blood. It waved and throbbed in the air, and Tito threw his arms behind his head and snored. I slipped a rubber on his dick. He twitched as the latex slid down his shaft. He was so thick and long that the rubber only went halfway down. I greased it up, reared up on my haunches, then lowered myself onto his engorged monster. He moaned and reached out lazily for my hips. I moved slowly up and down on him, massaging his meat with my asshole. His long, slow strokes poked at my spine each time he hit bottom.

He reached up for my nipples and rode high into me—never "waking up." His balls slapped under my aching butt as he

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plowed his hambone into me. I held tight to his chest hair, grabbed the hard flesh of his pecs. I ran a hand over his face, feeling those features I'd craved so many mornings. His tongue licked my hand, an ad-lib I hadn't expected. My asshole was stretched beyond endurance, but I just kept riding. I gripped his shoulders, and his dunking got wilder and faster. Without warning, he grabbed my cock and squeezed it roughly. The sight and feel of him sent me over the edge. I shot puddles of hot platinum onto his wooly torso.

He kept riding me with that rigid rod, groaning and thrashing wildly now. When his load exploded, he lifted me off the bed. I wrapped my arms around his chest so as not to fall off my bucking bronco. This wasn't what we had rehearsed, but I wasn't complaining! I slumped down on him, and he buried me in the folds of muscles, hair, and sweat on his heaving chest and vice-grip arms. Slowly, he opened his eyes, looked down at me, and whispered, "Sorry. I got so hot I hadda shoot. Are you okay?" I assured him I was, then suggested another vignette. His eyes gleamed when I told him what it was.

I slid off his hog, grabbed hold of it, and led him to the bathroom. I sat him on the toilet and spread his slimy legs and reached for the cum-bloated rubber. I slowly peeled it off and let the ribbons of funky frosting slide over my hands, while I squeezed the last drops off his foreskin. The balloon plopped into the toilet and sank, bubbles rising to the surface of the water. I got a wet cloth and washed him on the toilet. His steaming piss poured out. Gallons of recycled juices gushed into the bowl, the awesome smells of him rising like steam from a manhole. I was mesmerized by the intensity of his maleness, and the trusting vulnerability of his eagerness to follow my instructions.

I looked up into his eyes, and he smiled at me. I put the washcloth aside, and he took me into his arms. I held his thick, wide lats and let his tongue slide into my throat. We were doing *his* script now. I just followed, not knowing where he was going. He held me tight, and the hairs from his forearms heated my waist with his sweat. I reached up and wrapped my arms around his massive shoulders. His moans vibrated into my mouth. I felt myself being lifted onto his lap. I spread my legs and nestled my sore hole over his balls. His cock, bloated with blood again, slid up between our hard bellies.

I hugged and kissed him, running my arms around his neck, his ripe, wet chest hairs sizzling against my hairless chest. His nipples had become hard, wet pellets that poked at my raw skin. "Suck me off, Baby. Take my cock in your mouth again. I gotta come again. You get me so fuckin' hot," he whispered in my ear. I wasted no time. I licked my way down the dense, tangled fur of his body and buried my face in his groin. I got him in my throat and nuzzled his nuts with my chin. He leaned back on the toilet and sighed. "Suck me, Baby. Take my man's cock in your mouth," he hissed. I took long, deep strokes of him, smelling the raunchy vapors rising from the toilet between his spread thighs. He was close to coming and had me stop. Then he stood me up.

With shocking speed, he swallowed my cock and pulled my narrow hips to his face. Between my legs I could see him working that wand of his, sliding the foreskin back and forth, fresh pre-cum oozing at the top. I was crazed. I had lost all control in this "lesson." What was he doing to me? I melted into his arms, a marvelous peace. I let myself go with a quivering abandon that felt like life departing, or beginning. I was floating away, yet blooming in his caresses. I was fully a man to this man. I gave myself to him. He sensed my impending explosion and pulled my cock out of his mouth just in time for me to splatter and shudder and scream, as load after load of long-pent-up lather doused his chest.

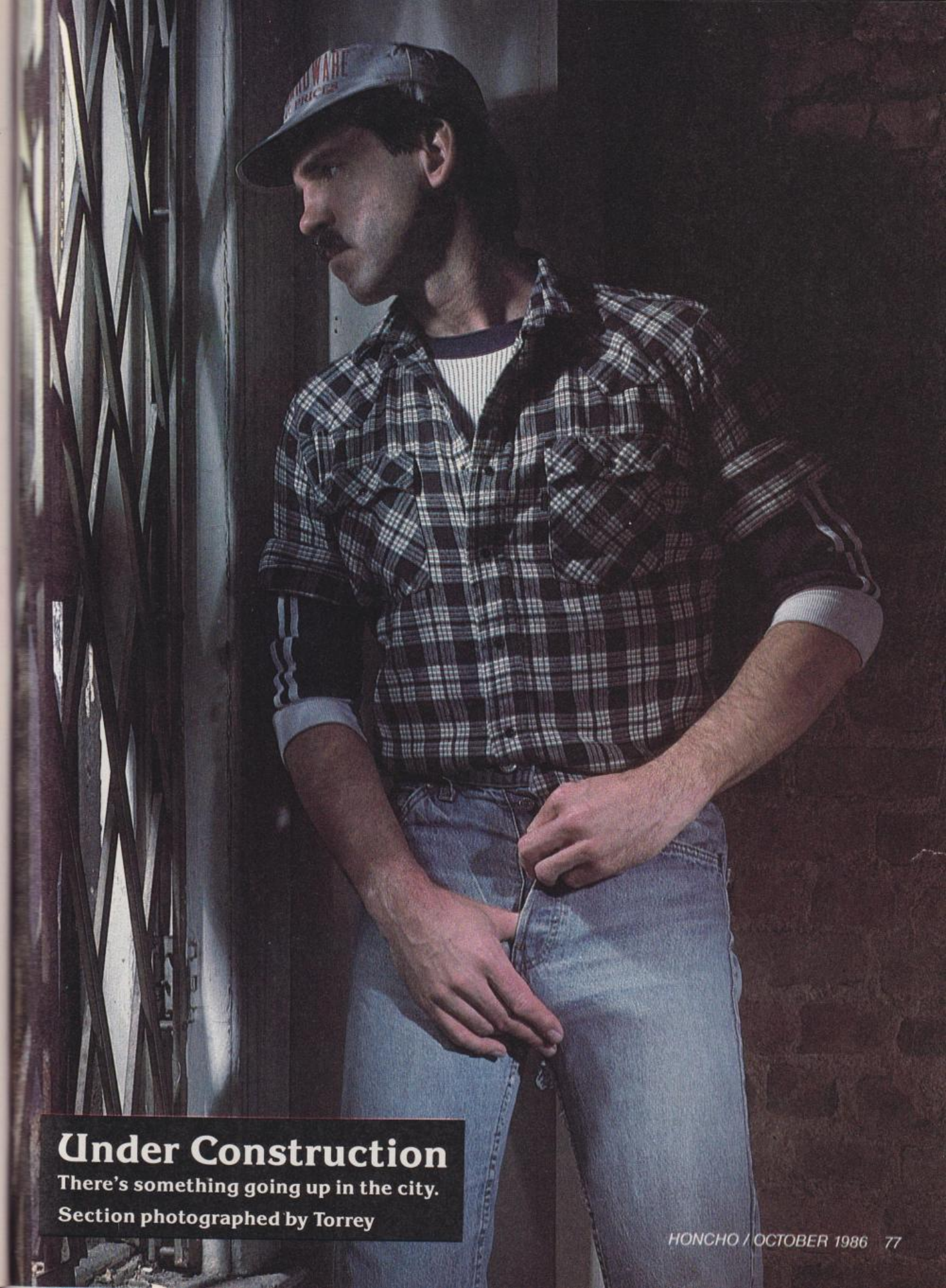
Tito leaned way back on the toilet, still stroking my dripping dong, looking up at me. With his other hand, he pounded at his sausage and unleashed a long, thick glob of lather. He growled as the juices ran down his body, mingling with the other puddles in the toilet. He bucked and shook and pulled my face down to his with his big, hard paws. He covered me with deep, wet kisses.

The whole room reeked of Tito—pungent, bitter, raunchy. I was buried in his arms and chest, his heaving breaths rocking me on his lap. I could smell my own cock in his mouth as the air rushed out of his lungs. His hands ran down my sides. He tightened his hairy forearms around my waist. His head nestled into my neck, our breathing slowly returning to normal. He cradled me close to him.

"That was pretty good, huh?" I emerged a bit from the tangle of his thick arms. "That last part was somethin' I thought up on the spot. Think it'll sell?" He giggled lightly, still embracing me on his lap.

Whose dream were we in now? I wondered. Who was *really* getting what he wanted? I was too spent with satisfaction to dwell on such questions. I smiled and snuggled back into his grip. He rose, still holding me in his arms, and carried me to the brightening bedroom. He toweled us both dry, drew the drapes, climbed in beside me, embraced me.

We slept away the day, and into the night. Our first of many nights together. Tito went pro and made a great success. But I'm his only freebie. ■



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It's not made of steel and concrete.

Under Construction

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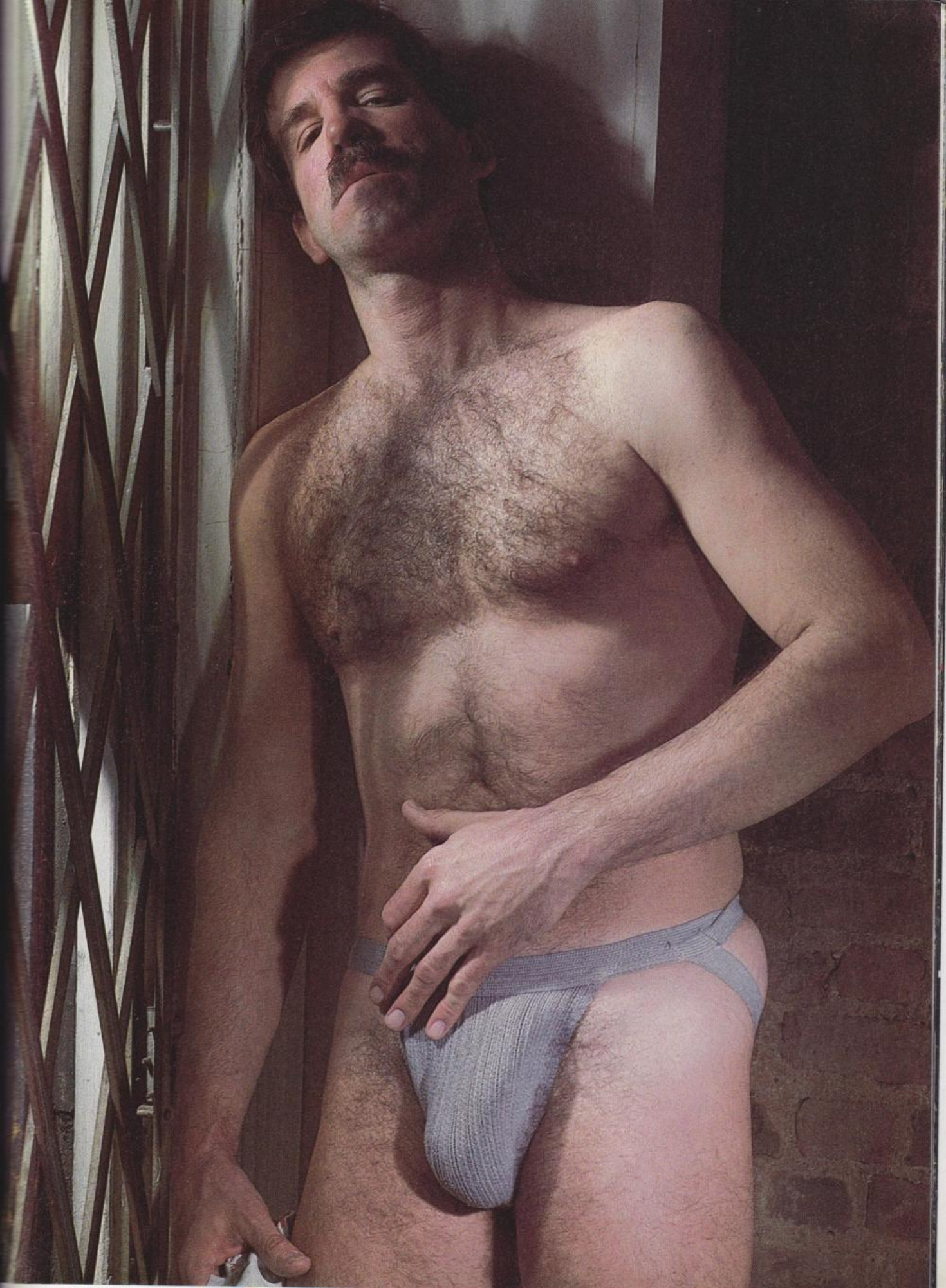

Under Construction

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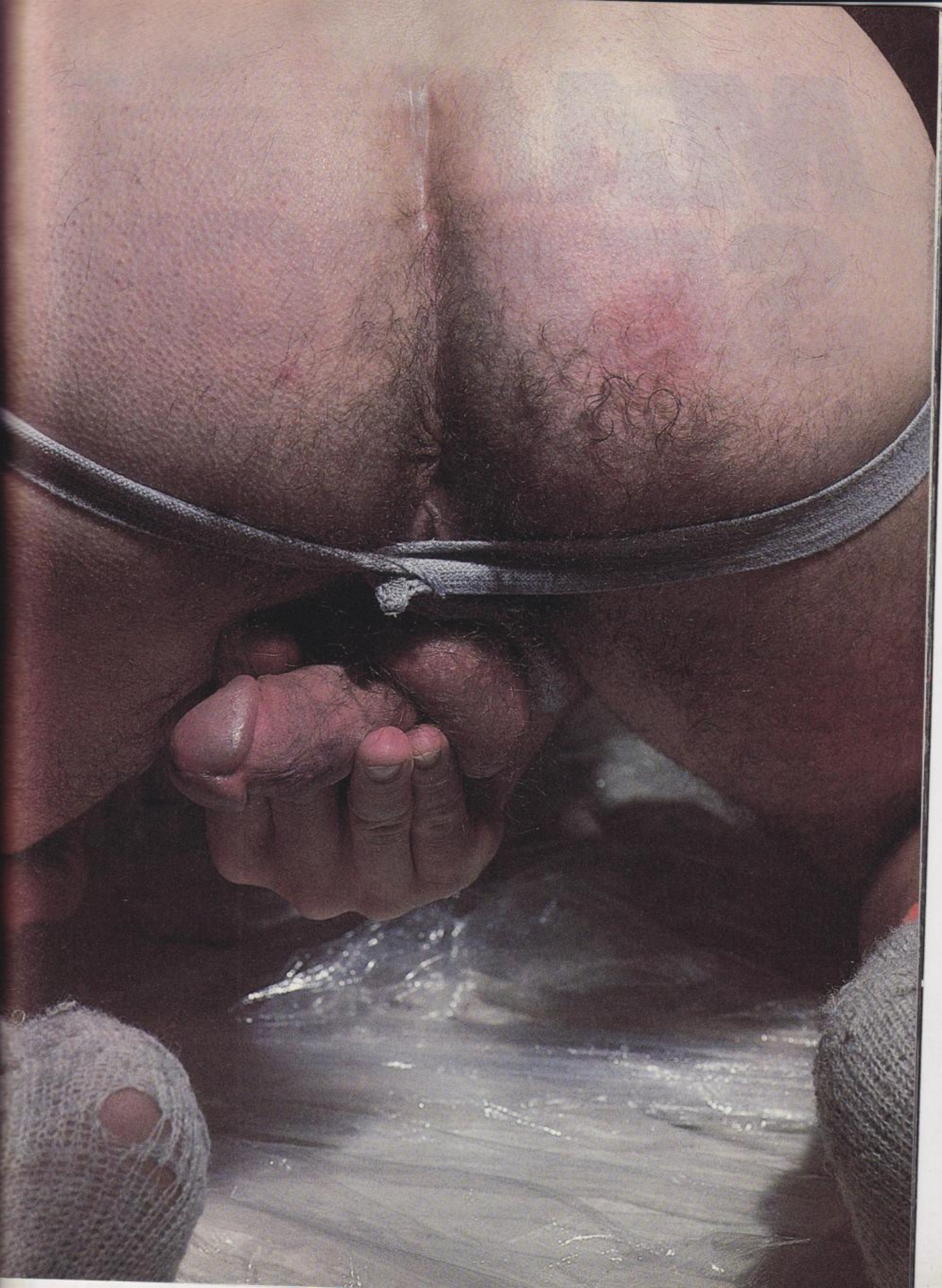

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Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751.

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies: Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

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Dad GWM, 36, 6'2", 180, br. br. beard, wants boys 18-31 into hot J/O and cocksucking to service Dad's dick. Call Al (213) 650-0720. No fat, fems.

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W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

WELL HUNG B/M

Seeks same. 38, 6' 170, photo gets photo. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Honablue, 1319 Aphrodite, W. Covina, Ca. 91790.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

HOT SADISTIC TOP

Has opening in stable. Letter & pix to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201.

COLORADO

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611.

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, P.O. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

STRAIGHT ACTING GWM

57, 120 lbs. Seeks friendship and fun. Write Henry L. Land, Lot 20, 38 Brookville Dr. N., Jacksonville, Fl. 32211.

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

GEORGIA

DAD SEEKS YOUNGER, SLIM STUD

Please me with your mouth, ass and uninhibited nudity, and you'll get affectionate dominance from hairy, masculine man, 42. Photo to: P.O. Box 306, Atlanta, Georgia 30301-0306.

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint: 40, 5'9", 160. Bi. Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 5½" around. Mike: 30, 6', 165. Straight. Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 8½" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen. We are for real. You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, P.O. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM–5PM; some nights 9–11PM. Ask for Clint or Mike.

SINCERE, MASCULINE, ATTRACTIVE

GWM (41, 165 lbs., straight acting) looking for friendship and/or possible relationship. P.O. Box 1123, St. Simons Island, Georgia 31522 with photo.

HAWAII

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INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

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No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

WM 54 5'8" 178 LBS

Bald 69. No J/O calls. Andy, 219-872-0491, 201 Hoyt Street, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write: DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

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6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, P.O. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

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MISSOURI

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NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE STUDENT

Seeks same for friendship. Relationship or sex possible. Penpals OK. Box 772, Northfield, NJ 08225.

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel; 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. P.O. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write: POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

NEW YORK

BIMWM

30, good looking, 155, hot & horny. Wants other hot men for safe, fun times. Discretion assured. If you're horny for dick with no hassles, contact David, Box 134 Dewitt, NY 13214.

TALL ITAL/JEWISH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your hunky feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother—WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Tony at (212) 675-7352, between 8 pm—12 mid., to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no fems. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, P.O. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

TOP/BOTTOM

BI/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

ARAB, HISPANIC, ASIAN TOPMAN WANTED

I am seeking an Arab, Indian, Pakistani, Guyanese, Hispanic or similar type topman who wants to give sexual domination and or discipline by spankings, belts, punishment enemas. You should be dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious man. Teach me to respect you. I am a white male 30's, trim, goodlooking. I will answer letters from anywhere. Write to: P.O. Box 431, R.H., NY 11418 U.S.A.

GOOD LOOKING/GWM

I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person. No fats, fems, drugs, S/M. Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

ATTRACTIVE WM

6'1" 170 lbs. 35 married seeks good looking nice body 20's-30's married or not. Utica area. Good sex, possible relationship. Box 106, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495.

MWM 34

Is looking for a buddy. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend and true buddy. Married preferred but others considered who are willing to become a part of my life and develop a serious relationship. This could save our lives. I'm 5'11" 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and in shape. I expect the same. Send detailed letter with photo if possible and a way to establish contact to P.O. Box "B", Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE

BM, 40, 5'6", 140. Retired from military. I am warm, sincere, clean, healthy and straight appearing. Live in upper middle class area, with conv. 2 bedroom apt. Like to meet a guy 18-25. Will be good to the right person and take care of you. No fems, drugs, weirdos or prisoners. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155

Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered. Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE

GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS

from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE GWM

18-29 to meet my every demanding need. TT, G&BT, extended B&D. Call to set interview. H.H. (617) 497-0651.

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.

Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

GWM, 21

Needs lasting relationship with caring GWM, 18-25 who is turned on by overweight guys. Box 424-H, Sunbury, PA 17801.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA

GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL

Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER

or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

TEXAS

WANT TO PLAY

Two versatile fuck masters, looking for adventurous, versatile third for leather, dildos, FF, and prolonged action. Send photo with reply. D&M, 947 Bayland Ave., Houston, Texas 77009.

26 YEAR OLD G/W/M

5'8", 140 lbs. seeks phone sex and other correspondence with gay policemen and highway patrolmen. Long term relationship desired. 806/894-4398.

EL PASO, TEXAS

Lonely, 39, 5'11", 140 lb. bottom person. Like top person—fun, gentle, 35 plus. (915) 566-2204.

VIRGINIA

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR,

Daddy. Hairy, trim beard, hung, un-cut, 38, 5'9", 150 lbs. Sexually versatile, basically top. Reply w/photo. K. Noble, Box 13, Arlington, VA 22210. No fats, fem, or GBM.

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE

Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

INTERNATIONAL

ARAB, HISPANIC, INDIAN, PAKISTANI, GUYANESE

Topman wanted, see New York section.

POLISH GAY

Who lives in Warsaw. I'm 25 years old. I would like to correspond with gays from U.S.A. I'm interested theatre, opera, cinema, music and tourism. I know English language. Marek Wyloga, Skrytua Polzt. 142, 00-953 Warszawa 30, Poland.

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Two beautiful, muscular sons, 24, seek wealthy father. Will travel. Reply to 80-21-10405 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, AB Canada T5J 3S2.

TORONTO AREA HOT/BOY SLAVE

Very obedient, handsome boy/slave, 28, wants to hear from handsome, horny, heavily hung daddy/master for uninhibited phone action, possible meeting. Call (519) 749-0581 anytime.

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Old issues of BIG (I will buy cash a whole collection), HIM, old Colt mags. Address yr. terms to Claude, BIG, B.P.77, 56700 Hennebont, France.

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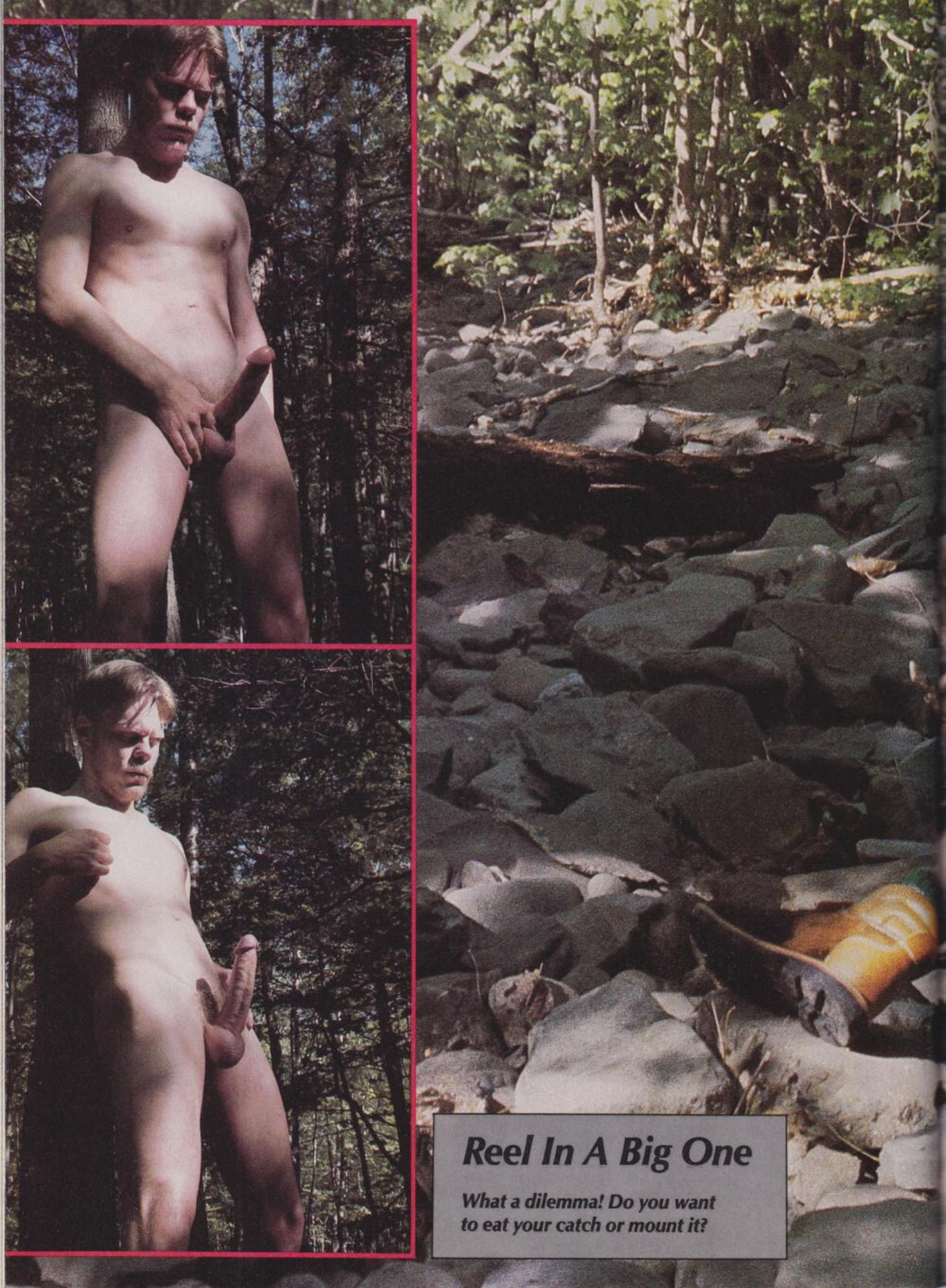

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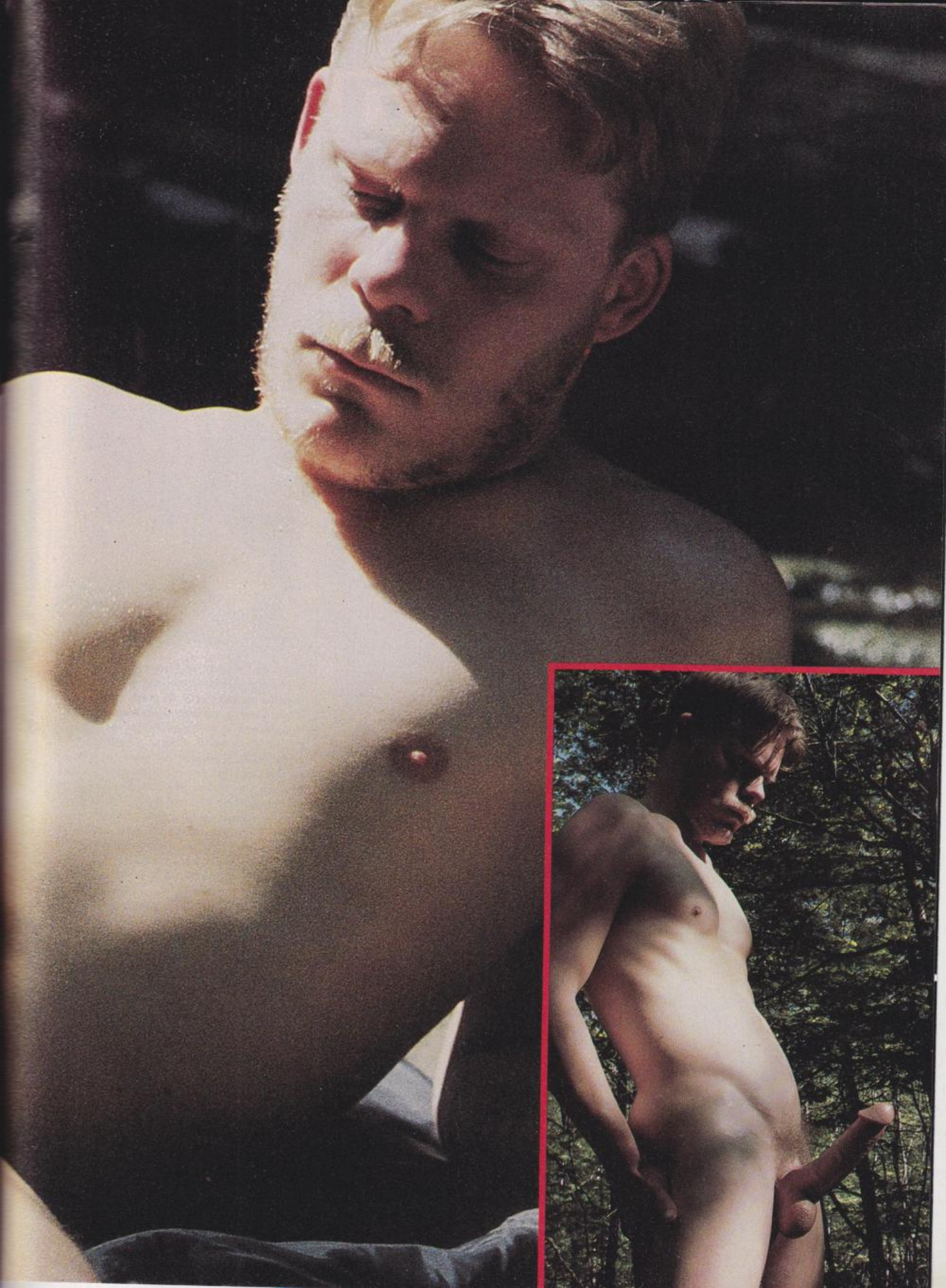

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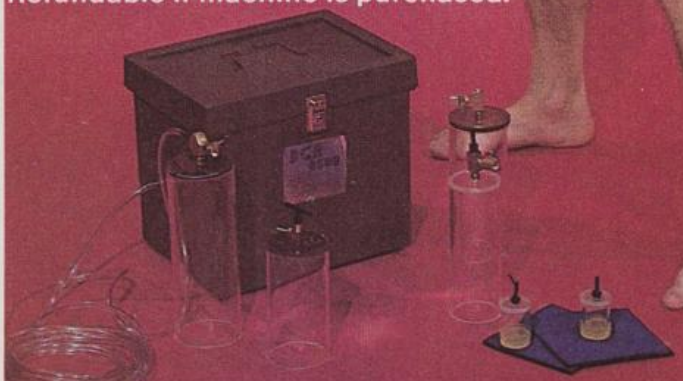

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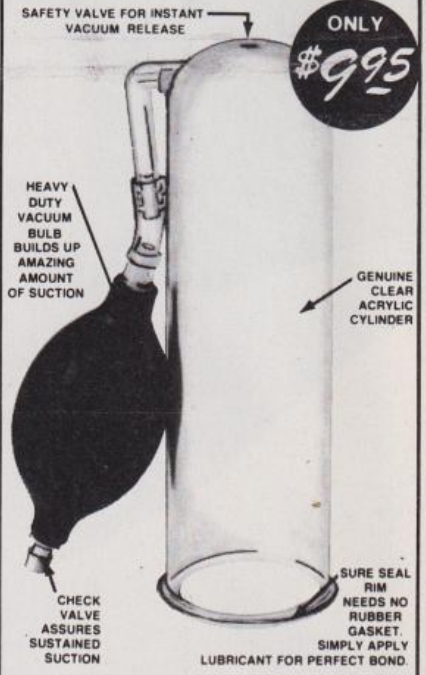

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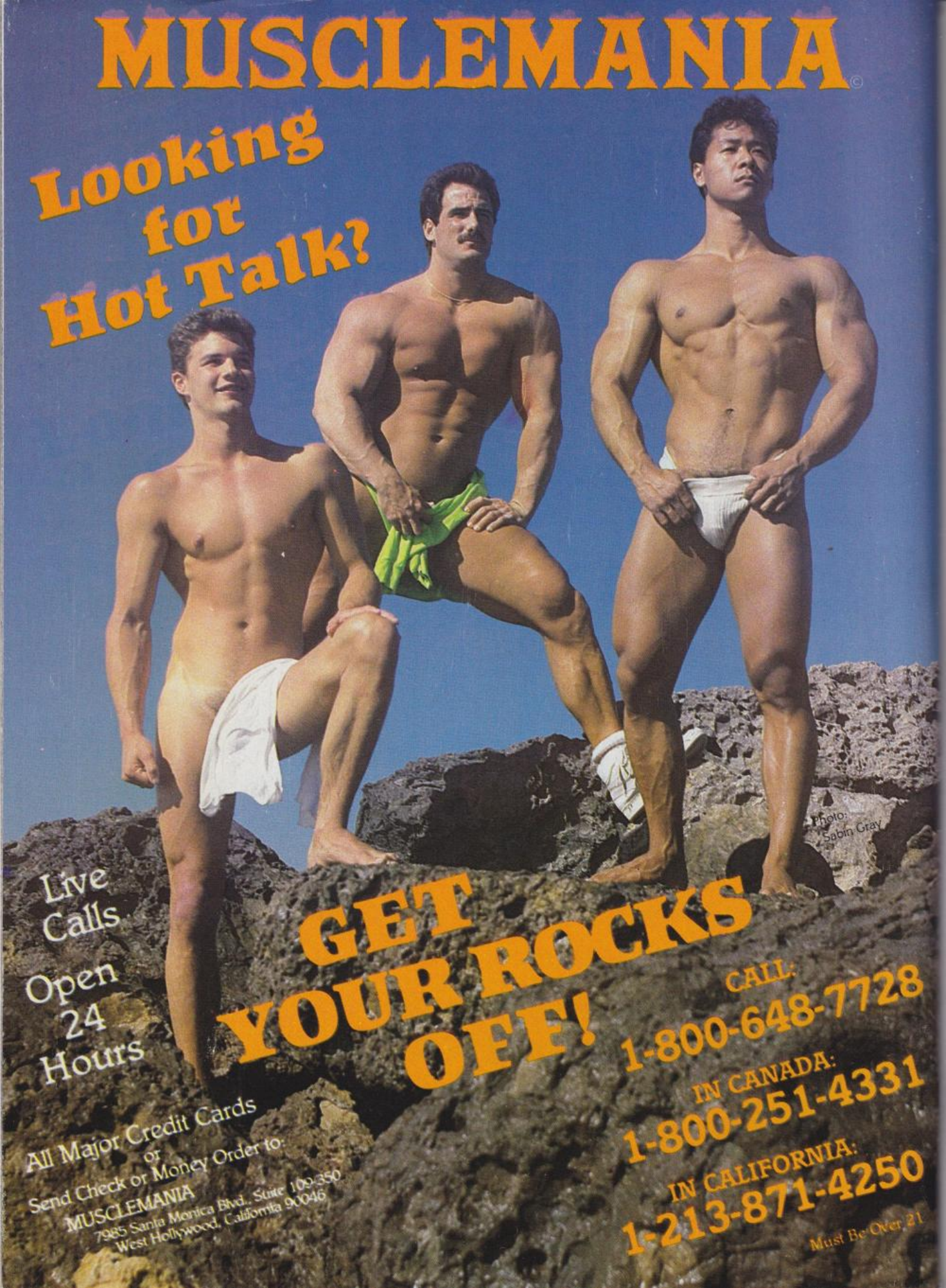
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